Each Number of "The Bystander" contains
AN ACCIDENT INSURANCE POLICY FOR £2,000

Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 84.—Vol. VII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, July 12, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo by *Langfier*

A Popular Hostess: Mrs. Marshal Roberts

Mrs. Roberts is the daughter of Sir G. H. Murray, K.C.B. Her husband, who was in the Scots Guards, is an American, came to this country when he was quite young. He inherited a large fortune on the death of his father, who was one of the richest men in America

No. 84.—Vol. VII

CONTENTS

Wednesday, July 12, 1905

	PAGE
Frontispiece	53
Random Jottings	55
Henley Regatta	58
Notes from the Polo Grounds	60
People of the Hour	62
Cricket: Athletes v. Jockeys at the Oval	67
The World of Entertainment	68
"A Man of the Moment," at the St. James's	69
The Home of Our Next Royal Visitor ...	71
A Holiday in Mediæval Touraine ...	75
Our Short Story— "The Great Lull." By Wilfrid S. Jackson	80
The Seven Ages.—3. Drawn by William Heath Robinson	83
Along the South American Seaboard with the R.M.S.P.	85
The Library	86
A Bookman's Gossip	87
Golf Notes and Notions. By Ernest Lehmann	90
Midnight Photography in the Orkneys ...	91
Bridge	92
The Connoisseur	93
Lawn-Tennis Notes	94
Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows	97
Automobile Topics	100
The Thames at Maidenhead	104

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

Amusements

APOLLO THEATRE.
HENRY LOWENFELD, Sole Proprietor.
TOM B. DAVIS, Lessee and Manager.
MR. GEORGE EDWARDES' SEASON.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.
VERONIQUE
Matinée, Every Wednesday, at 2.

THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.
FOUR PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 12 noon, 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

THE BYSTANDER

Ready Every Wednesday

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION (Post Free)

	At Home	Abroad
Twelve Months (52 Numbers)	£1 8 2	£1 16 10
Six Months (26 Numbers)	14 1	18 5
Three Months (13 Numbers)	7 1	9 3

Subscriptions must be paid in advance, either through a local Newsagent, or direct to the Publisher,

"THE BYSTANDER" OFFICE, TALLIS STREET, WHITEFRIARS, E.C.

NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy. irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

BOOKS RECEIVED

"This Our Sister." A Novel. By Mrs. Harold E. Gorst. (Digby Long: 6s.)

"A Lost Cause." A Novel. By Guy Thorne. (John Long: 6s.)

"A Tragedy in Commonplace." A Novel. By M. Urquhart. (Methuen: 6s.)

"Behind the Throne." A Novel. By William Le Queux. (Methuen: 6s.)

"Horses I Have Known, with Stories About Them." By H. G. Harper. (John Long: 3s. 6d.)

"The Suburbans." By T. W. H. Crosland. (John Long: 5s.)

"A Daughter of the Manse." A Novel. By Sarah Tytler. (John Long: 6s.)

"Guide to the English Lakes." (A. and C. Black: 2s. 6d.)

"Guide to Galway and the West of Ireland." (A. and C. Black: 1s.)

Arrangements have now been made by which every issue of

THE BYSTANDER

contains an

ILLUSTRATED RECORD OF

WEEK-END SPORT.

Random Jottings

What Animal Would You Be?

Poets and other people have occasionally expressed the wish that they were birds, but Mr. E. K. Robinson is the only man who has allowed (in *Pearson's Magazine*) that if he had to make choice of some animal existence, he would select that of the anthropoid ape. The apes that go about with Italian organ-grinders are not, we believe, anthropoid, and there may be other reasons for Mr. Robinson's preference. The anthropoid ape, no doubt, enjoys many almost human instincts without being worried by human doubts and questionings. It matters little to him, in all probability, when the General Elections will be, or what his diet during heat-waves, or where he will go for his summer holidays.

A Suggested Causerie

But, out of curiosity, we should like to know what other people as well would choose. Could not the editor of *Pearson's* be persuaded to start one of those charming causeries which the monthlies sometimes give us—to be headed, in this case, "What Animal Would You Be?" with contributions by our leading men, Mr. Balfour, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Mr. Hall Caine, Miss Marie Corelli, Mr. James Leslie Wanklyn?

Possibilities

We can almost see that article forming, in our mind's eye:

Mr. Balfour courteously intimates to us by the hand of his Private Secretary that stress of Public Business prevents him from contributing to "this fascinating discussion." He is willing, however, to admit that, if Existence had to be Redistributed, he would not, so he fancies, realise any great difference were he compelled to "lead the life of a dog."

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman refers us to his public speeches, which are, however, numerous. So far as we can learn anything at all from them, it is negatively rather than positively. The last existence the right hon. gentleman would choose is that of "a Wee Pigger."

Mr. Hall Caine writes complaining that he already leads a Double Existence, and finds it very confusing. Would be content with "the Simple Life of a Goat on the Mountain Tops."

Miss Corelli's reply is conditional: "I would consent," she says, "to be turned into a critic, if I could occupy my time in reviewing literary criticisms only."

Mr. Wanklyn would in all probability wire: "Should prefer not to change, but have often thought Boar a noble animal."

LEO: "Come, come! Cheer up! It's not so bad as all that"
THE KANGAROO: "Oh, isn't it! Think of me at Sheffield in 1902!—all over you!"

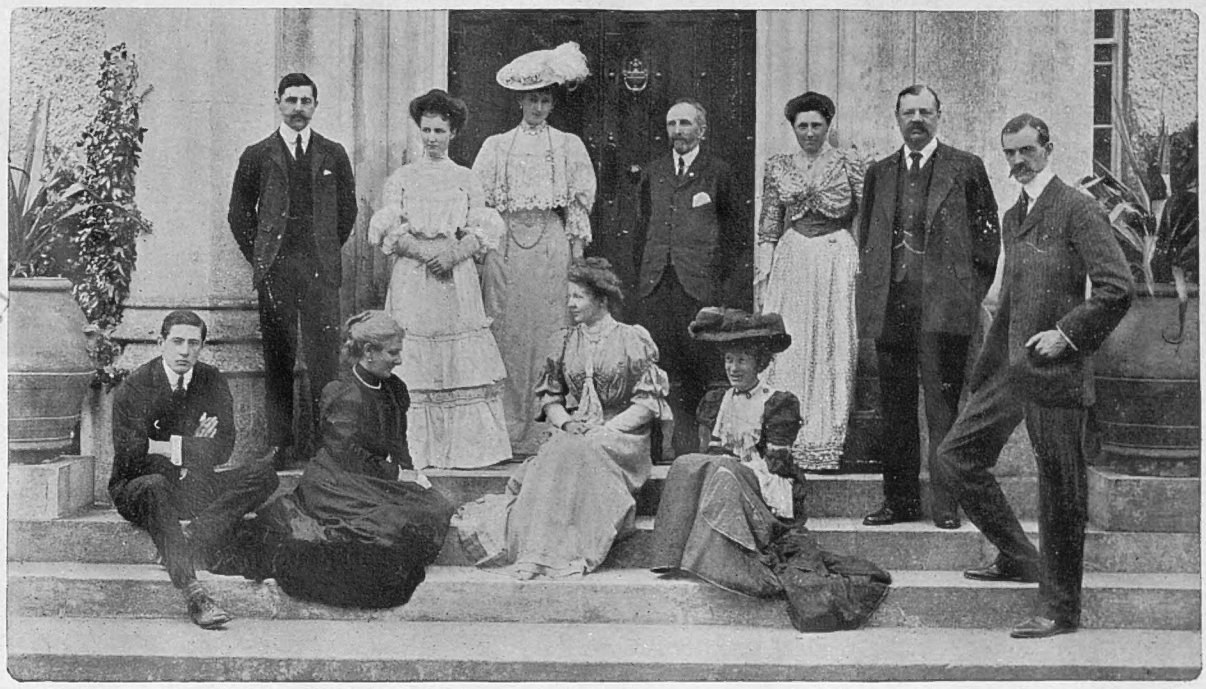


Photo by *Lafayette*

The Bute Wedding: The House-Party at Castle Bellingham

The wedding of Miss Augusta Bellingham, the daughter of Sir Henry Bellingham, of Castle Bellingham, Co. Louth, Ireland, to the Marquis of Bute has been one of the most picturesque weddings of the year. Reading from left to right, the members of the house-party seen above are—

First Row: Marquis of Bute, Marchioness of Bute, The Hon. Ismay Preston, Sir Henry Bellingham, Lady Margaret Stuart, Earl Loudoun, Mr. A. R. MacGregor

Second Row: Lord Colum Stuart, Dowager Marchioness of Bute, Lady Bellingham, Countess Loudoun

"Bosanq-what?"

Tho' "Rozhdestvensky" is immense,
And drives reporters mad;
This Blessed Isle of Commonsense
Can show one name as bad.

When Bosanquet first courted Fame,
I was quite certain that
The right way to pronounce his name
Was simply, Bosan-cat.

But Brown, who know what's what; altho'
He labours in a Bank; he
Enthused about "that deadly slow,"
But called the man Bo-sankey!

And Robinson declared, "There's hope
For Middlesex as yet.
No need," he said, "for them to mope
While they have Bosan-ket!"

By such diversity dismayed,
My only comfort was
Abbreviation's artful aid,
Which shortened it to "Boz."

In vain; for Smith, a Cambridge man,
And one who always knows,
Explaining how a "googly" ran,
Referred to "Boz" as "Boze"!

I dare not say the word aloud,
Lest I be put to shame;
The very metre's gone to bits
Before the dreaded name.

I'll change no more, but go on strike
Initials do for me.
You can pronounce him as you like;
I call him "B. J. T."

The Condition of Russia

Russian news for the last week has been a jumble of strikes and mutinies. Anything—from a funeral to a badly cooked dinner—seems to provoke a strike, and as soon as one riot fizzles out under the whips of the Cossacks, another begins elsewhere. The prophets—or at least the prophets who can claim any authority on the subject—will not say what is going to be the end of it all. But we understand that no personally conducted tours through Russia are likely to start from this country for a month or two.

Sitting on Crackers

Meanwhile, the Tsar and his officials resemble nothing so much as the managers of an exhibition of fireworks, where the crackers will go off at the wrong time, and in the wrong place, and it becomes the frantic duty of those in authority to sit on them in case they should spread to a dangerous extent. Crack! (Odessa) Bang! (Kronstadt) Pouf! (St. Petersburg) Ping! (Lodtz). Dignity departs from the men who cannot extinguish crackers except by sitting on them.

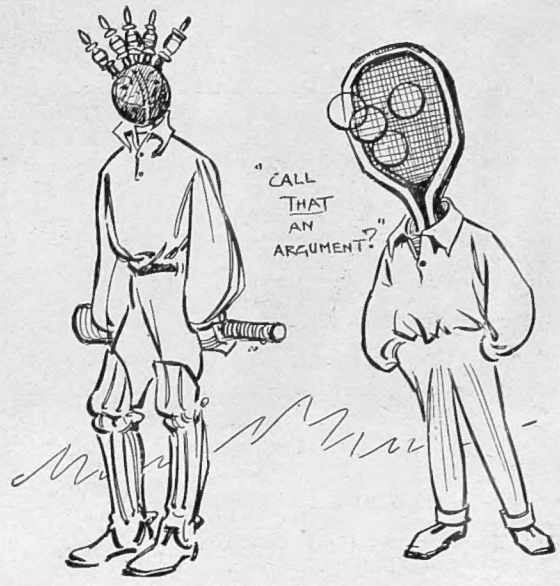
Racial Amenities

America has not been very kind to the immigrant Chinaman, and now it seems the Chinamen of the Straits Settlements are going to retaliate by boycotting American manufactures. What will be the end of these racial amenities? The white man has for so long had the upper hand in the boycotting of the yellow alien, that a tit-for-tat like this sounds almost incredible.

"Bosanq—what?"

"Excuse me, sir—total stranger—liberty—and so forth—fact is, I've just had a brilliant idea. Friend of mine spells his name C-H-O-L-M-O-N-D-E-L-E-Y, and calls himself 'Chumley.' It occurred to me p'rap you call yourself 'Bunkey'"

(See page 56)



The most popular game

KING CRICKET: "Supersede me? ME? Pooh! Any foreigner can understand you. It takes an Anglo-Saxon to appreciate me"

(See paragraph below)

The Immigrant of the Future

Yet the time, no doubt, will come when white and yellow will meet on equal terms. Then the restrictions with which Americans and Australians have bound the patient Celestial will be used against them in their turn. It is fantastic—the idea of the Anglo-Saxon merchant having to parse a passage of Confucius and show that he can dissect a boiled poodle prettily with the aid of chop-sticks before he is allowed to land at Shanghai. But the Chinaman has done the equivalent for years. This boycotting of the American manufacturer certainly sounds like the turn of the worm.

The Most Popular Game

What is the most popular game at the present time? Cricket, perhaps. But it would not be altogether surprising if lawn tennis were in part to supersede it not so very long hence. The Championships at Wimbledon were as enthusiastically attended as they well could be, and most brilliantly contested. It is one of the noticeable things that lawn tennis is becoming more and more an International game. Already it is played—and played well—in Germany, France, Austria, Belgium, and Sweden, as well as in America and the Colonies. Yet our artist, as will be seen above, has his own opinion on the matter.

Racial amenities

The Anglo-Saxon merchant parsing a passage in Confucius

(See page 53)

"What animal would you be?"

Mr. Hall Caine would, in all probability, be content with the "simple life of a goat on the mountain tops"

(See page 55)

A Dangerous Turn in the Gordon Bennett

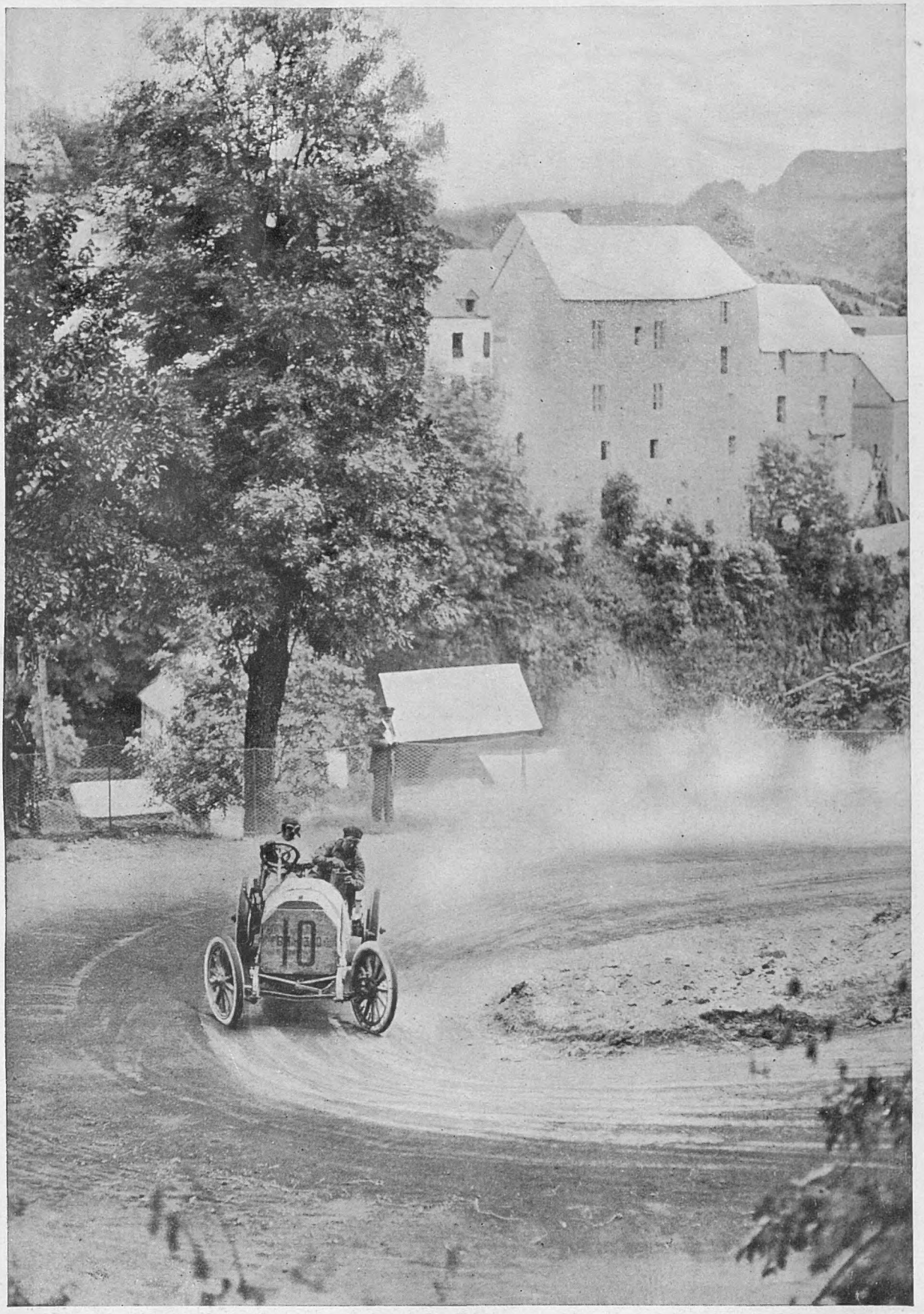


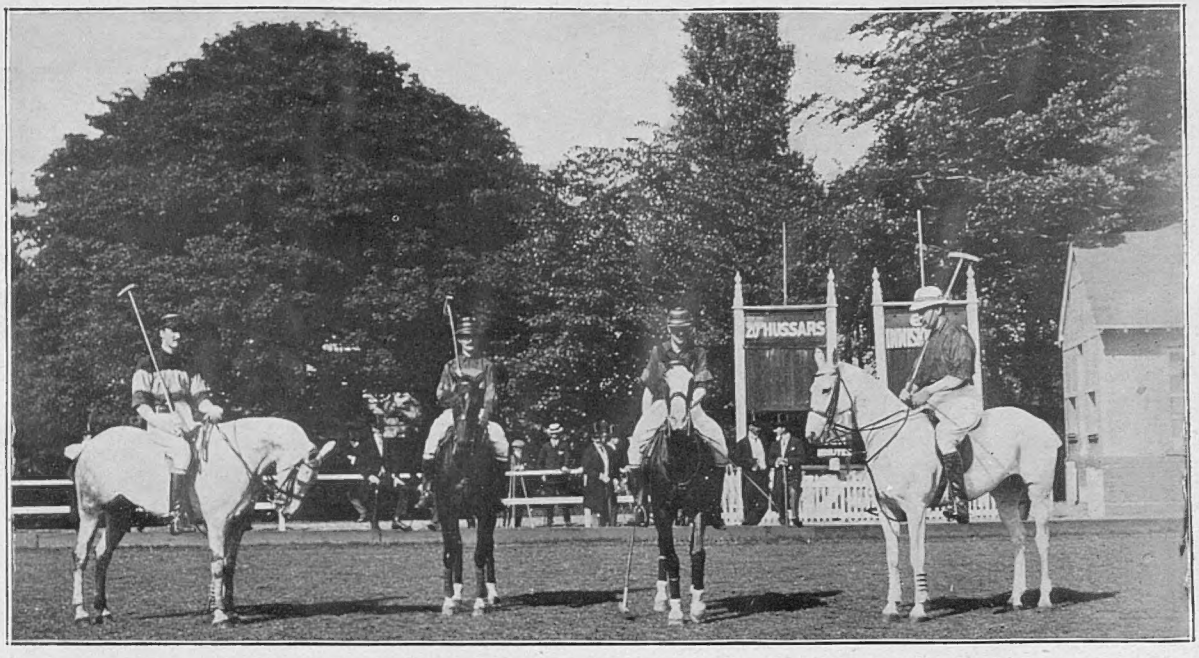
Photo by *M. Branger*

Cagno, who ran third on a F.I.A.T., turning one of the worst corners during the recent Gordon Bennett Race

The photograph of this speed monster, propelled by huge engines of 110 h.-p., was snapped while Cagno was rounding the sharpest of elbow turns. There is nothing dull about the Auvergne course. There are many corners such as this, and to win they must be taken fast. Ample scope for skill and judgment is thus afforded, and most of the cars were skilfully skidded right across the road as they took these corners. (See page 100)

POLO: The Final for the Inter-Regimental Cup

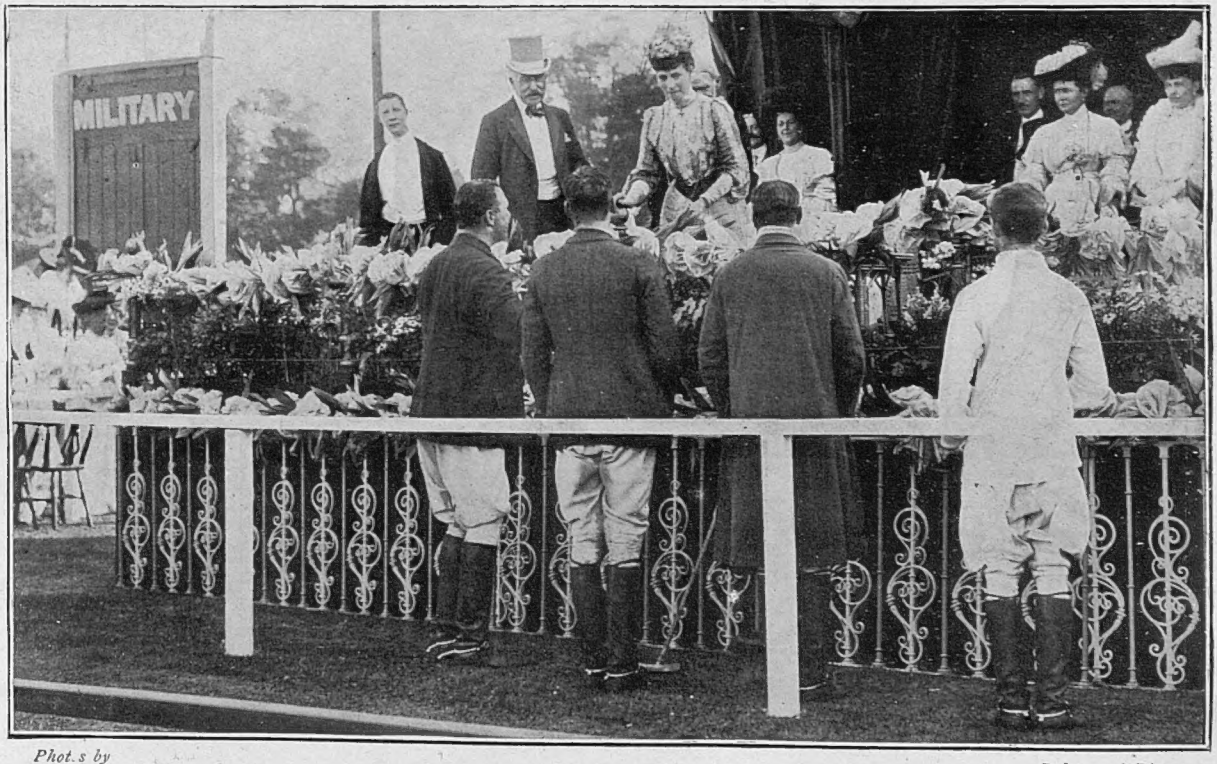
THE QUEEN AT HURLINGHAM



The Inniskillings' Team, which beat the 20th Hussars in the Inter-Regimental Final at Hurlingham last Saturday by four goals to three

Favoured with brilliant weather, and honoured by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and a very large and distinguished company, the Inter-Regimental Tournament was successfully concluded at Hurlingham on Saturday with a close game. By their good play in the semi-final round, the little-known team of the 20th Hussars found many supporters; but, as was anticipated in our Polo Supplement last April, the better-mounted Inniskillings won their third Inter-Regimental—only, it is true, by the narrow margin of four goals to three—and, furthermore, had the honour of receiving the Cup from the hands of the Queen, who presented it to Major Neil Haig. The Inniskillings' team was completed by Captain T. G. Gibson, Major G. K. Ansell, and Captain Ewing Paterson; while the 20th Hussars' representatives were Mr. J. S. Cawley, Mr. C. McG. Dunbar, Captain H. C. Hessey, and Captain H. R. Lee.

L. V. L. SIMMONDS.



Phot.s by *Baker and Dixon*

The Queen, on presenting the Cup, heartily congratulates Major Neil Haig and his companions of the Inniskillings on their victory

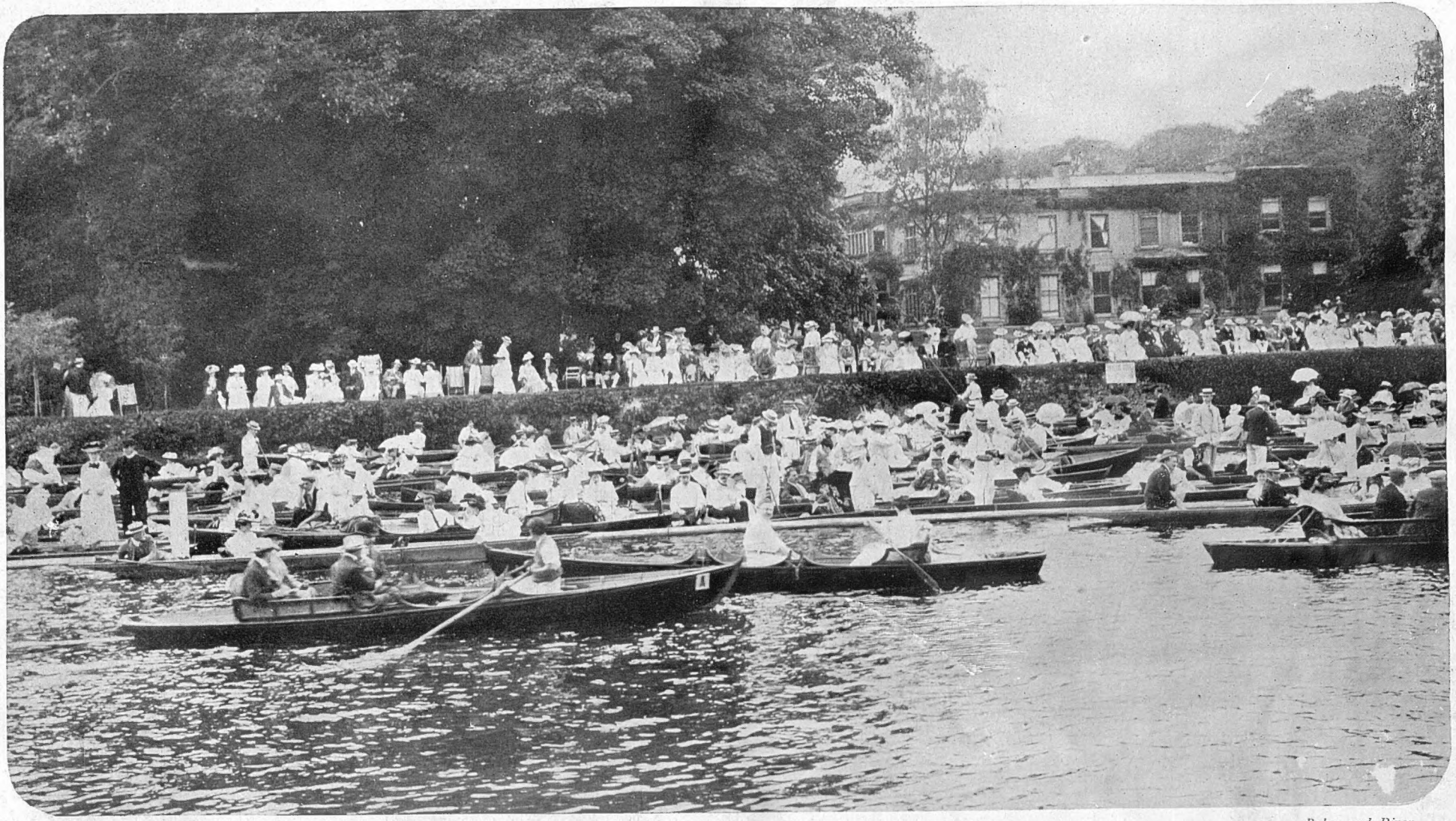


Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

The Social Side of Henley: Enjoying the sunshine and the breeze—also the races—on the lawn at Phyllis Court

The lawn of Phyllis Court, with its overshadowing trees, has always been a favourite place with ladies from which the racing could be watched. Nothing could be more picturesque, and, to quote the words of a river enthusiast, it gives one quite "a thrill of coolness on a hot day, to cast one's eyes across to Phyllis Court." After this season, Phyllis Court is to be t[illegible] h[illegible] quarters of a fashionable club, and at future "Henleys," and also during the whole rive[illegible] season, it promises to be the brightest and gayest social centre along the river

Passed

HENLEY: The "Grand" and the "Diamonds"

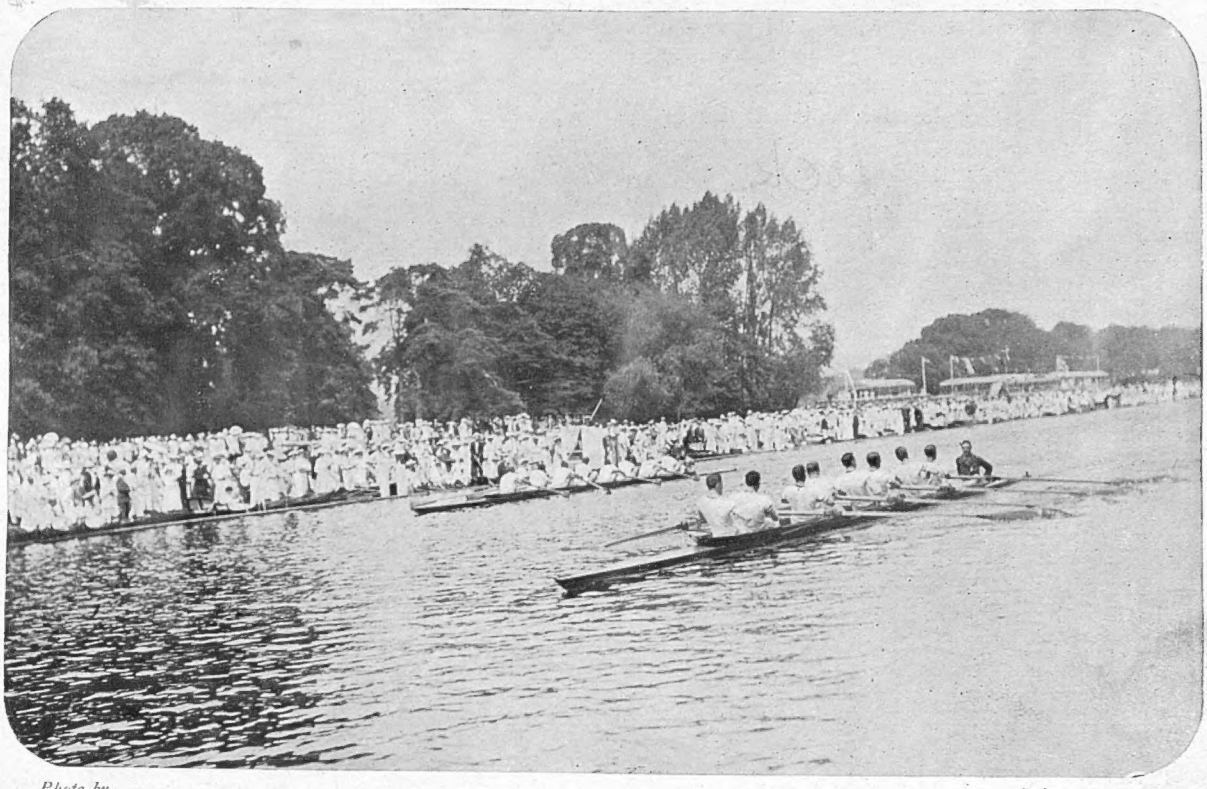


Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Leander beat the Vesper (U.S.A.) crew in the race for the Grand by a length

Leander always led Vesper, and Nelson rowed a faster stroke than the Vesper's, until the latter had shot their bolt above Fawley. Always being led, the Americans found their faulty style and want of leg drive and swing hopelessly against the perfect catch and power of the Leander eight. The Americans' seven-inch flat blades must have tired the arms of the visitors sorely when they tried a spurt

Photo by *Topical Agency*

Kelly, of the Leander, wins the Diamond Sculls

Kelly won easily by forty yards in the record time for this race of 8 min. 10 sec., the previous best being 8 min. 23 sec.

PEOPLE OF THE HOUR

The Bridal Maids of Honour

Queen Alexandra has shown her usual kindness in arranging for her two Maids of Honour to be married on the same day, and in the private chapel of Buckingham Palace. The double bridal has been, of course, the great social event of this week, and fortunate are those considered who obtained an invitation, for the chapel is extremely small. Their Majesties honoured the two young brides by being present, and it was in order that this might be possible that the ceremony was arranged to take place yesterday (Tuesday). Miss Mary Hart Dyke, who had been engaged far longer than her sister Maid of Honour, has been a favourite with her Royal mistress from childhood. Her engagement to the brilliant young officer, whose name she now bears, was announced some time ago, but the bridegroom-elect was on foreign service, and has only lately come home.

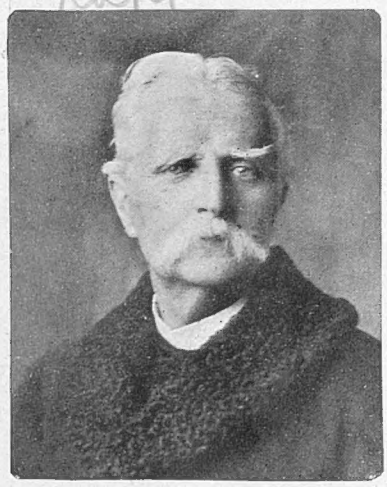
Photo by *Langfier*

The Hon. Mary Hart Dyke

Miss Dyke (who is a Maid of Honour to the Queen), was married to Captain Bell yesterday, July 11. It is an interesting fact that Maids of Honour receive £1,000 as a dowry on their marriage.

Miss Dorothy Vivian and Major-General Haig

Tuesday's other bride, Miss Dorothy Vivian, is one of twin sisters, the daughters of Louisa, Lady Vivian, and of the late British Ambassador at Brussels and Rome. This fortunate bride can look back to having been Maid of Honour to Queen Victoria, and she and her sister, Miss Violet Vivian, were chosen to fill the same dignity in the household of the Queen Consort. The engagement of Miss Vivian and the Inspector-General of Cavalry in India was only announced in Ascot week, so that theirs has been a very short engagement. General Douglas Haig, who is not much over forty, is said to have a very brilliant career before, as well as behind, him. As Chief Officer of Staff to General Sir John French, he did splendidly in the South African campaign, and he is said to owe his present position in India to the high opinion which Lord Kitchener formed of him.



Lord Redesdale

Who has just been entertaining the King at Batsford Park, where there are some charming old-world gardens

Lord Redesdale

When the history of Europe's awakening to the existence of Japan comes to be written, there will be something said in it about the remarkable "Tales of Old Japan," which Lord Redesdale, then Mr. Bertram Mitford, published in 1871—as delightful a volume as you may find on any shelves. It was born of the diplomatic career which he embarked on after Eton and Christchurch, and which took him to St. Petersburg, Peking, and Tokyo, before he resigned in 1873. For twelve years after that he was Secretary in the Office of Works. He is C.B. and K.C.V.O., and in 1902 they revived for him the Redesdale peerage, which had died with the first and last Earl, his kinsman, who had left him his fortune and estates in 1886. The family is very old, running back to Knights of the Shire under Richard II., and to a famous line of London merchants. The great historian of Greece may have handed on to Lord Redesdale his literary gifts, which have produced, "The Bamboo Garden," and "The Attaché at Peking," as well as the "Tales." He sat in Parliament for South-West Warwickshire from 1892 to 1895, and on the Royal Commission on the Offices of State in 1886. He is in his sixty-ninth year. The King, it is known, thinks highly of his advice on questions of art, and he has had much to do with the new laying out of the Mall.

Photo by *H. W. Barnett*

Major-General Douglas Haig

Inspector of Cavalry in India, who was married yesterday (Tuesday, July 11), to the Hon. Dorothy Vivian

Marriage of a Maid of Honour

Photo by *Alice Hughes*

The Hon. Doris Vivian

Who was married yesterday (Tuesday, July 11) to Major-General Douglas Haig, Inspector of Cavalry in India. Miss Vivian is a sister of Lord Vivian, of Glynn, Bodmin, Cornwall. With the marriage of Miss Hart Dyke and Miss Doris Vivian, who were both married on the same day, the Queen will lose two of her favourite Maids of Honour

The Saviour of London's Strays

The Death of Brusher Mills

Brusher Mills, the famous New Forest snake catcher, has been found dead at Brockenhurst. He had long been familiar to all visitors to the Forest, in which he had lived the life of a hermit for over twenty years. He caught thousands of snakes during his career, his record up to 1903 being over 32,000, of which 17,000 were vipers. The common grass snakes were disposed of alive to patrons, but the vipers were stewed, and the oil sold as a remedy for rheumatism. Until last year, Mills lived in a disused charcoal-burner's hut, not far from Lyndhurst. The photograph shows Brusher with his can, containing live vipers, while the tongs with which he handled them are seen suspended from a buttonhole of his jacket.

Photo by *F. Napier Sutton*

Brusher Mills

The well-known snake catcher, who was recently found dead in the New Forest, near Brockenhurst

Dr. Barnardo

If the family cares of "The Old Woman who Lived in a Shoe" weighed so heavily on her that we are told "she didn't know what to do," the burden that rests on Dr. Barnardo's shoulders, who stands *in loco parentis* to 8,500 children, all of whom he has to feed every day, and for each of whom clothing has to be provided, must be tremendous. Dr. Barnardo is sixty this month, and everyone will be sorry to hear that he is not in the best of health. In order to try and ease the burden that rests on his shoulders, an appeal is being made for what is to be called the "Founder's Birthday Fund," for which purpose it is hoped £120,000 will be raised, in order to wipe off the liabilities that have grown out of several years of deficient income, as, at the present moment, the National Waifs' Association can only be sure of £500 income coming in from vested funds. The Lord Mayor presided over a meeting at the Mansion House last week, and Lord Brassey has kindly consented to act as treasurer to the Fund. Mr. Jack London, in his startling book, "The People of the Abyss," says that Dr. Barnado's homes are the greatest philanthropic institution of the day, and that the work accomplished by them will do more to check the evils of "Slumdom" than any other agency.

Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Dr. Barnado, the "Saviour of London's Strays"

This well-known philanthropist, who is sixty this month, has under his charge some 8,500 "waifs and strays"

Photo by *Russell*

Rear-Admiral Sir Wilmot Fawkes

Who has just been appointed Commander-in-Chief on the Australian Station

A Plucky Colonial Sportswoman

Photo by *Advance Agency*

Mrs. E. J. Way, who will be the only lady competitor at Bisley

Mrs. Way is the wife of the General Manager of the new Kleinfontein group of mines at Johannesburg. She is a keen sportswoman, and has won many prizes in South Africa for riding and driving, and also several prizes for tennis and shooting. Her latest score at the butts is 94 out of a possible 105

The Young Heir to the Throne of Bavaria

Prince Luitpold of Bavaria, the three-year-old heir to the throne of Bavaria

As a descendant of the Stuarts, little Prince Luitpold is, according to English Jacobites, heir to the throne of England. However, as heir to the throne of Bavaria, the second State in the German Confederation, the little Prince is still a personage of importance in Europe

Rear-Admiral Fawkes

A distinguished Yorkshire family has a distinguished representative in Sir Wilmot Hawksworth Fawkes, Rear-Admiral commanding the Cruiser Squadron from 1902 to 1904. Born in 1846, he approached the Navy by the somewhat unusual avenue of Cambridge, where he was at St. John's College. After twenty-five years' service he found himself a captain, and in command of the Royal yacht *Osborne*. Upon this followed the command of the *Raleigh*, and then that of the *Mercury*, accompanied by the position of Naval Adviser to the Inspector-General of Fortifications. A short reign over the *Terrible* ended with his appointment to the Private Secretaryship to the First Lord of the Admiralty, which he has twice held, with the command of the *Canopus* intervening. He was for some time A.D.C. to Queen Victoria, was one of the Coronation Committee Executive, and afterwards became C.V.O. and K.C.V.O. He had the privilege of taking Mr. Chamberlain out to South Africa.

A Lady and Her Bogies

One of the most original of modern artists is Miss Vulliamy, whose curious artistic gift shows itself in marvellous designs, which recall the work of many a mediæva' artist, notably of that unknown genius who sculptured the series commonly known as the "Devils of Nôtre Dame." Her bogies, as she calls them, are true "goblin-brain offspring," and among those who have shown their admiration of these quaint jugs, flower-pots, and other art potteries, is the Queen and the Prince of Wales. Miss Vulliamy studied both in Torquay and in London, and she by no means confines her attention to the grotesque side of art, for much of her work, notably in *gesso* and leather, is delicately beautiful. The young artist lives in and for her art. Everything is made to minister to it, even such unpromising material as the vertebræ of fish and the shells picked up in her walks along the sea-shore.

Miss Vulliamy

A well-known designer of pottery, and a clever impersonator, whose work, on sale in Regent Street is, in great demand

Cricket: Athletes v. Jockeys at the Oval

IN AID OF THE BELGRAVE HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN

The team of "Jockeys" who beat the "Athletes" by eleven wickets

FIRST ROW: Hon. S. R. Beresford (Umpire), J. Jarvis, K. Cannon, J. Woodman, C. Chandler, H. Jones, W. Dollery, G. P. Huntley (Umpire)
SECOND ROW: E. Matthews, P. Chaloner, T. Cannon, jun., M. Cannon (Captain), D. Maher, G. Williamson
THIRD ROW: H. Woodland, J. H. Martin

Photos by *Reinhold Thiele and Co.*

The team of "Athletes" who were ridden over rough-shod by their "Jockey" opponents

FIRST ROW: C. H. Jupp, Lord Cardross, W. Bulteel, Lord H. Grosvenor, B. J. Blunden, J. W. Morton
SECOND ROW: A. Aldridge, A. W. T. Good, W. Lotinga (Captain), Leon Meredith, A. Shrubb, E. H. Miles
THIRD ROW: Vivian J. Woodward, H. Holmes

The World of Entertainment

The Theatrical Trust

In the *Referee* has been started a series of articles on the Theatrical Trust. These articles should on no account be missed by any playgoer who has the real interests of the English stage at heart. I am glad to see the campaign opened so early, and in such an able manner, because the American Theatrical Trust is an enemy well versed in all the tactics of warfare. Above all, the generals of the Trust understand the value of occupying strategic positions with secrecy and promptitude. A fairly wide experience, at first hand, of the methods of the American Theatrical Trust, leads me to the opinion that it was chiefly by the aid of masked batteries that they were able to overrun such a wide territory in America. When the theatre-going public were fully alive to the danger which encompassed them, it was too late for effective action.

Photo by] **Miss Hilda Trevelyan** [*Ellis and Walery*

Who played in *Oliver Twist* last week, on the last night of the present season at His Majesty's Theatre

Their position was so untenable as to necessitate a series of discreditable surrenders along the whole line. A gallant stand was made for a time by a little band, but one by one the members of it were forced to capitulate, until now the combatants have dwindled down to the undaunted Stephen Fiske (with a theatrical paper for weapon), his celebrated wife, Minnie Maddern Fiske, and David Belasco. William Winter, the doyen of American critics, has always been opposed to the Trust, and lately he has taken active cause against them in a campaign by lecture. But the history of the great Theatrical Trust war is the melancholy chronicle of a forlorn hope. From the first interchange of hostilities, it was a war between the powerful and the weak. The Trust had gained all their ground before they were regarded as a foe. For this reason I am so glad to see the cause being set forth in the *Referee*.

A Warning to British Playgoers

The articles by "Gareth" are well named an example and a warning. It is much better that the British theatre-going public should be given temperate warning of the coming danger, than that they should be rudely awakened one morning by the jarring hubbub of polemics.

The situation in America to-day of the Anti-Trust fighters is pitiful. Their case is almost as pathetic as that of the gentleman—I cannot recall his name—who is engaged in fighting the Standard Oil Trust. This lone objector spends his time and money in drawing up, and inserting in the Press, the very rudest advertisements exposing the methods of the Standard Oil magnates. It is to be feared that the attitude of the magnates towards their pigmy adversary is one of contemptuous amusement.

Methods of the American Trust

The best way of estimating the possible chances of victory in England for the "incubus with blood-sucking tentacles," as William Winter dubs it, in an outburst of mingled metaphor, is to set forth the fighting methods of the beast, then consider whether the British Public can be induced to lay aside their temperamental apathy in order to give battle to the monster.

In the first place, the struggle is *à outrance*. It is not a competition between two adversaries imbued with the strictest principles of fair play, but a struggle with ruin as the penalty of failure. No means are thought too despicable which might serve to score a point. The Trust magnates fight with fists filled with gold. Their object is to hound the independents out of every theatre in the land. They started with the first-class theatres, and now they are buying up and absorbing the second-class theatres. Rather than that their adversaries should gain a foothold in a town of theirs, they would lease the secondary theatres for a bogus lecture or a toy-dog show.

Boycotting as a Remedy

That this bitter war would bring disaster upon an art which can only flourish in a pure atmosphere is so patent, that it is a wonder anyone not financially interested can be found to uphold the Trust. Unfortunately, the unthinking have been tempted by lures held out to them by the artful Trust magnates, in the shape of magnificent productions and casts containing the leading players. "They put up a good show," says Mr. Careless, and thinks no more about it. His peace of mind is not disturbed by dismal forebodings of a time when King Trust shall have grown into a despot.

In England, it would seem, at first blush, as though the conditions were not so dissimilar as to exclude all danger of a Trust invasion. The control of many

"A Man of the Moment," at the St. James's

Photo by *Ellis and Walery*

Mr. George Alexander and Mme. Simone Le Bargy, in the great scene of the play

The great scene in *A Man of the Moment* (Mr. Harry Melvill's version of Capus's "L'Adversaire"), at the St. James's Theatre, comes when Maurice Darlay's dawning suspicions that the love of his wife, Marianne, has strayed from him to a rising young barrister, Henry Langlade, are confirmed. The scene begins very quietly with an appeal from Maurice to Marianne to restore the old happy confidence between them, and then, as the fact of her deception comes home to him, tenderness gives place to cross-examination, the truth slips out, and the end is terrible tragedy. Both Mr. Alexander and Madame Le Bargy play this episode finely, and Mr. Alexander's daring in persuading a French actress to take the part is an experiment which has been thoroughly justified. We shall hope to see Madame Le Bargy in many more English plays

theatres is vested in a few men, and already the magnates of the Trust in America have gained a substantial fo..thold upon the English stage. But looking more closely into the question, one recognises that the cut-throat policy which has left the Trust masters of the American stage, after a contest lasting ten years, would so disgust the public as to throw them into hearty sympathy with the Independent Party, the actor-managers, who have for years held control over their own theatres.

Boycotting is a game which can be played quite as effectively by one side as by the other, when the two parties start fair, and with a good knowledge of each other's armoury. For this reason, although there is no immediate fear that the English stage will be stifled in the grasp of a Trust, it is as well that the great theatre-going public should be made acquainted with the unscrupulous means by which a Trust has succeeded in creating a giant monopoly in place of that open field of competition—with friendly relations between the competitors—so necessary for the growth and expansion of dramatic art.

E. C. S.

Photo by] **Miss Lillie Elsie** [*Bassano*

Who is playing a leading rôle in *The Little Michus*, at Daly's Theatre

At the Adelphi

The event of the week has been the production by Mr. F. R. Benson, at the Adelphi, of Mr. Stephen Phillips's one-act play, *Aylmer's Secret*. We have been informed, on credible authority, that Mr. Phillips wrote this play many years ago, long before *Paolo and Francesca* and other worthier products of his pen were even dreamed of. If this be so, it explains much. Firstly, the long, dry soliloquies in which "dim chemistry" and its connections with the mysteries of creation are discussed; and, secondly, the lack of rememberable lines—a disappointing feature in the work of one who can justly lay claim to be considered a poet. Of the production, we have only space to say that, while Mr. Henry Ainley did his soulful best as "the Creature," Mr. F. R. Benson was not happy in the rôle of his "creator." Mr. Benson is happier in Shakespearean than in Phillippian soliloquy, and, perhaps, it is not all his fault. Miss Mabel Moore, however, impressed one by the perfectly natural and almost convincing manner in which she played the difficult rôle of Aylmer's daughter who pities to the point of love, her father's hated and despised "creation."

Photo by] **Miss Yvonne Lamor** [*Campbell-Grey*

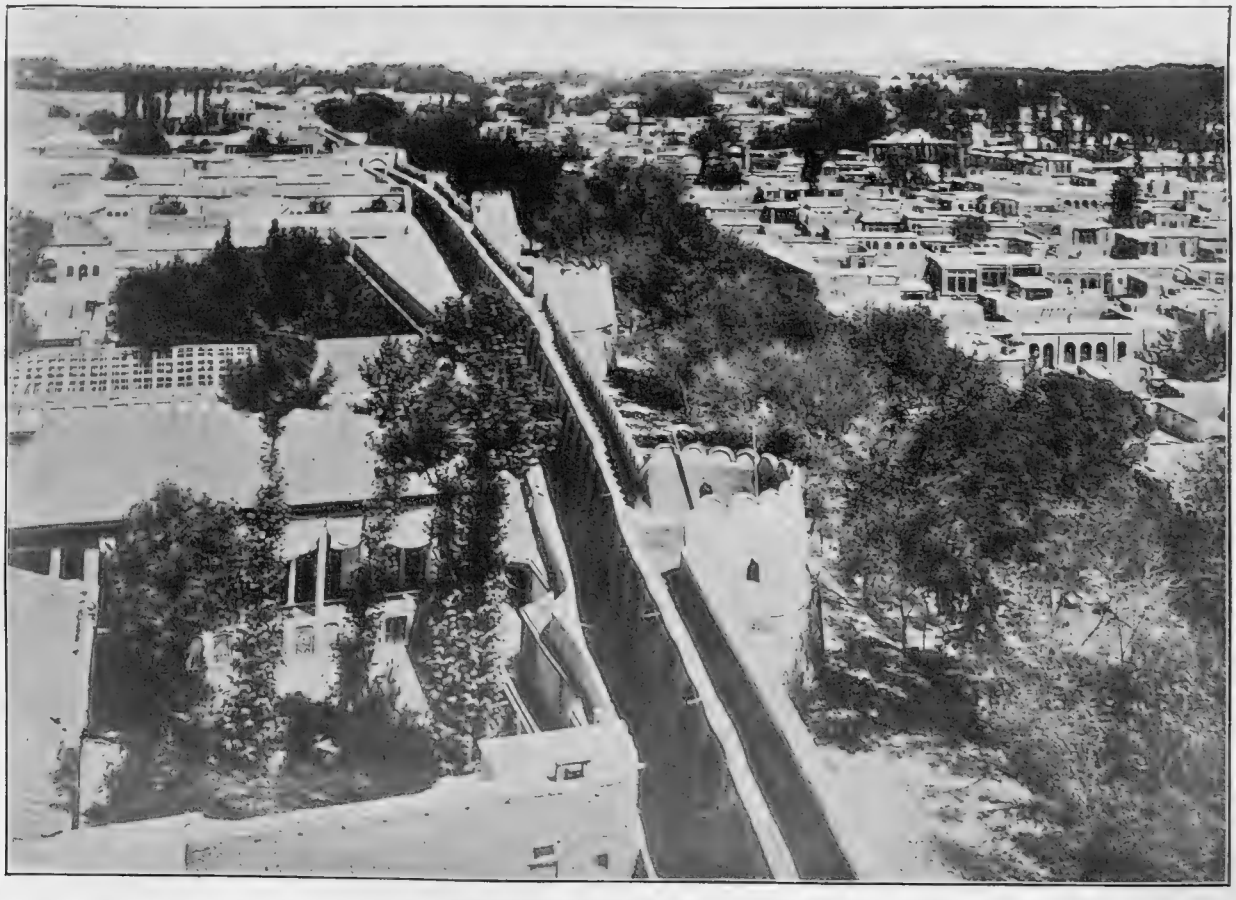
Who will shortly be seen at the Palace Theatre, in her dramatic recitals, with a musical setting

The Home of Our Next Royal Visitor

SCENES IN THE SHAH'S CAPITAL OF TEHERAN

In the Courtyard of the Palace at Teheran

The crowd seen in our illustration are waiting for the Shah to appear in order to perform the Salaam before him. The dense lines of soldiers, seen posted round the courtyard, show that the Shah takes no risks from his salaaming subjects



A bird's-eye view of Teheran

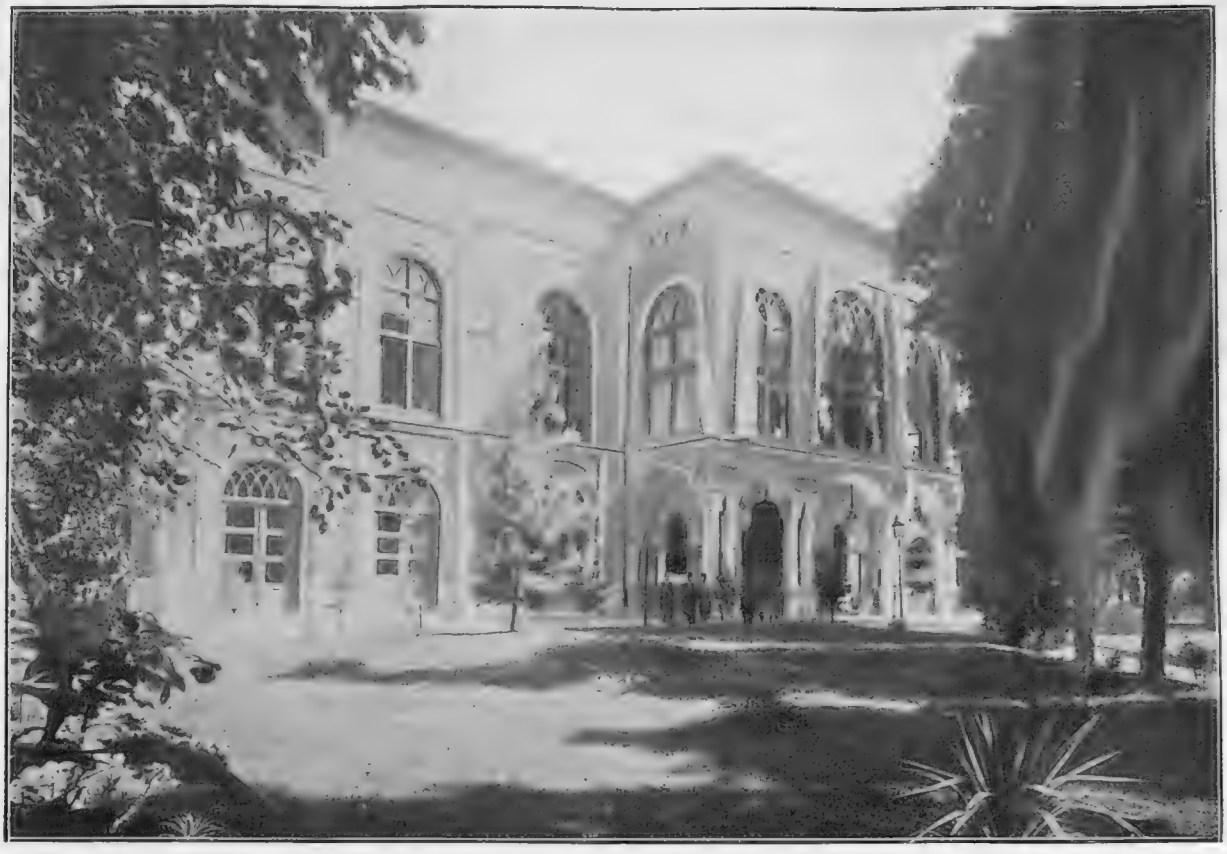
The wall seen in our illustration is the outer wall of the Citadel, in which is situated the Shah's palace, a perfect paradise, with its large courts laid out with gardens and fountains

The entrance to the English Legation at Teheran

The English Legation is one of the most important buildings in Teheran. This is as it should be in a large country situated so close to our Indian Empire, as to be able to render much valuable assistance in the way of supplies in the event of an invasion

A view of the interior of the British Legation at Teheran

As is well known, size and magnificence are the things which appeal to the Oriental mind, and thus, the British Legation is of a size befitting its importance. On the low fence will be noticed two or three young Britishers in charge of their native nurses



A corner of the Royal Palace at Teheran

The Shah is well provided with palaces in his Capital, for, besides the huge one which occupies the Citadel, he has five others in the neighbourhood

The "Salle des Glaces" in the Shah's Palace at Teheran

According to our correspondent, the magnificence of this gorgeous apartment can hardly be described, though it is quite in keeping with the fact that Teheran was the birthplace of the immortal Haroun-al-Raschid, of Arabian Nights' fame

"Simple Truth, Miscalled Simplicity"

LITTLE BOY *(to Gardener)*: "You don't have no scarecrow, do you, John?"

GARDENER: "No, Master Bob."

LITTLE BOY *(innocently)*: "You don't need one when you're about, do you?"

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD

A Holiday in Mediæval Touraine

Chenonceaux

"La perle de Touraine"

Amboise

One of the most historic of Touraine châteaux

Famed in history, famed in fiction, Château Land is an ideal touring ground for those holiday-makers who wish to see the relics of feudal and of regal France. No country in the world can boast of so many stately mansions in so small a space. What tales of intrigue, of jealousy, and of vice, could the spacious and gorgeous apartments, the ruined battlements, and the darkened turrets tell, had stones but mouths, as they are said to have ears.

To get to Château Land, the cyclist or motorist will undoubtedly go by way of Newhaven and Dieppe to Rouen (35 miles). Thence to Chartres (94 miles), and by way of Orleans, or Vendôme, to Tours, the capital of Touraine. Those who go by rail must proceed direct to Paris and take a circular ticket to Tours and Blois, which enables one to "stop off" at all the principal places in Château Land. Loches, some thirty miles south from Tours, is one of the oldest of French châteaux. One of the most beautiful bits of Loches is the exquisite oratory of Anne of Brittany, wife of Charles VIII.; but Henry James, in his "Little Tour in France," speaks the most highly of the tomb of Agnes Sorel, mistress of Charles VII., who so ably abetted Joan of Arc in spurring the sluggish monarch to drive the English from French soil. The delicate statue that surmounts her tomb "represents her lying there in lovely demureness, her hands folded with the best modesty, a little kneeling angel at either side of her head, and her feet hidden in the folds of her decent robe, resting upon a pair of couchant lambs, innocent reminders of her name."

But Chenonceaux is "*la perle de Touraine*." Its unique situation alone would warrant its distinction. It is built upon piles in the river Cher, the principal

Chaumont

A feudal castle on the banks of the Loire, commanding a magnificent prospect over the beautiful Loire Valley

Beauregard

Only two rooms of this château are shown to visitors. One contains nearly 400 rare historical seventeenth-century portraits, and the other a wonderful tiled floor, representing an army in marching order

entrance being on one side of the river, the great hall spanning the river, and the other side terminating just short of the opposite bank. Mary, Queen of Scots, who married Francis II., spent her honeymoon here.

On the road from Tours to Blois we find two other notable châteaux, one a fortified castle, the other a castellated mansion. The former is Amboise, which, save Blois, is the most historic of all the châteaux. "Amboise," says Henry James, "is a little white-faced town staring across an admirable bridge, and leaning behind, as it were, against the pedestal of rock on which the dark castle masses itself. The town is so small, the pedestal so big, and the castle so high and striking, that the clustered houses at the base of the rock are like the crumbs that have fallen from a well-laden table."

The one sad recollection of Amboise is the

Chambord

Built in 1526, the château is a veritable town, containing 440 rooms, 60 staircases, and stabling for 1,200 horses

The Chateau of Blois: Staircase of Francis I.

Blois, the state château of Touraine, and the staircase shown, is unique in the history of architecture

The Chateau of Blois: The entrance

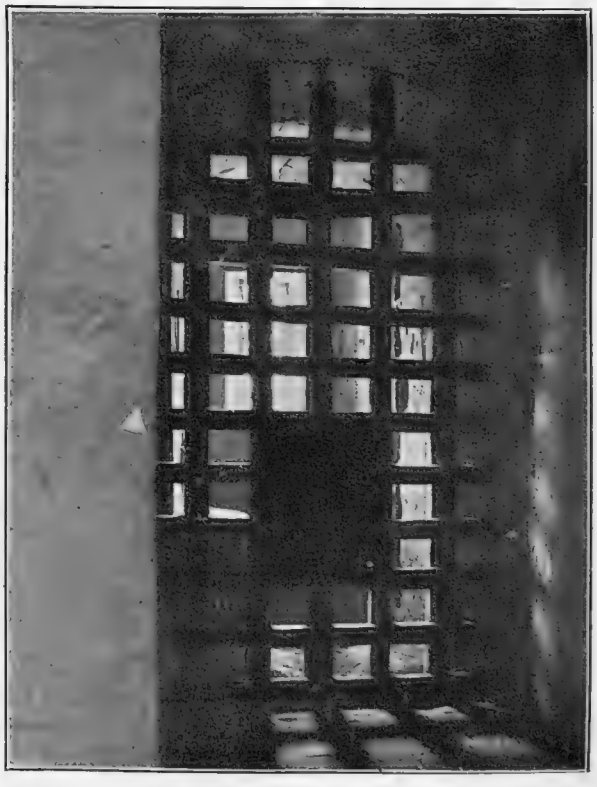
The equestrian statue over the gateway represents Louis XII., and was erected in 1501. The whole front of the château is richly painted in red, blue, and gold

drowning of the Huguenots in the Loire, which was witnessed by young Mary Stuart from the balcony. A little further along the Loire is Onzain, where one finds the Château de Chaumont, a vast, white mass, with the ever-present "pepper-box" towers.

The Château de Blois, as an example of French Renaissance, is unexcelled. From Blois we visit the remaining châteaux of the Loire. They are unconnected by railway, so one must perforce walk, cycle, motor, or take a conveyance, in order to see them. The Château de Chambord is not a château: it is a town! It contains no less than 440 rooms, 60 staircases, and stabling for 1,200 horses. Beauregard is small and unpretending after Chambord. It was built as a hunting lodge for Francis I. Only two rooms are shown by a silent janitor; one contains 363 rare historical portraits of the seventeenth century, and a wonderful tiled floor representing an army in marching order.

A quaint corner of Loches

This château was in the possession of King John of England until 1206, when all his French possessions were given up



One of the dungeons at Loches

These dungeons are situated beneath the keep, and have remained untouched since the Middle Ages

A View of the Wimbledon Courts During th

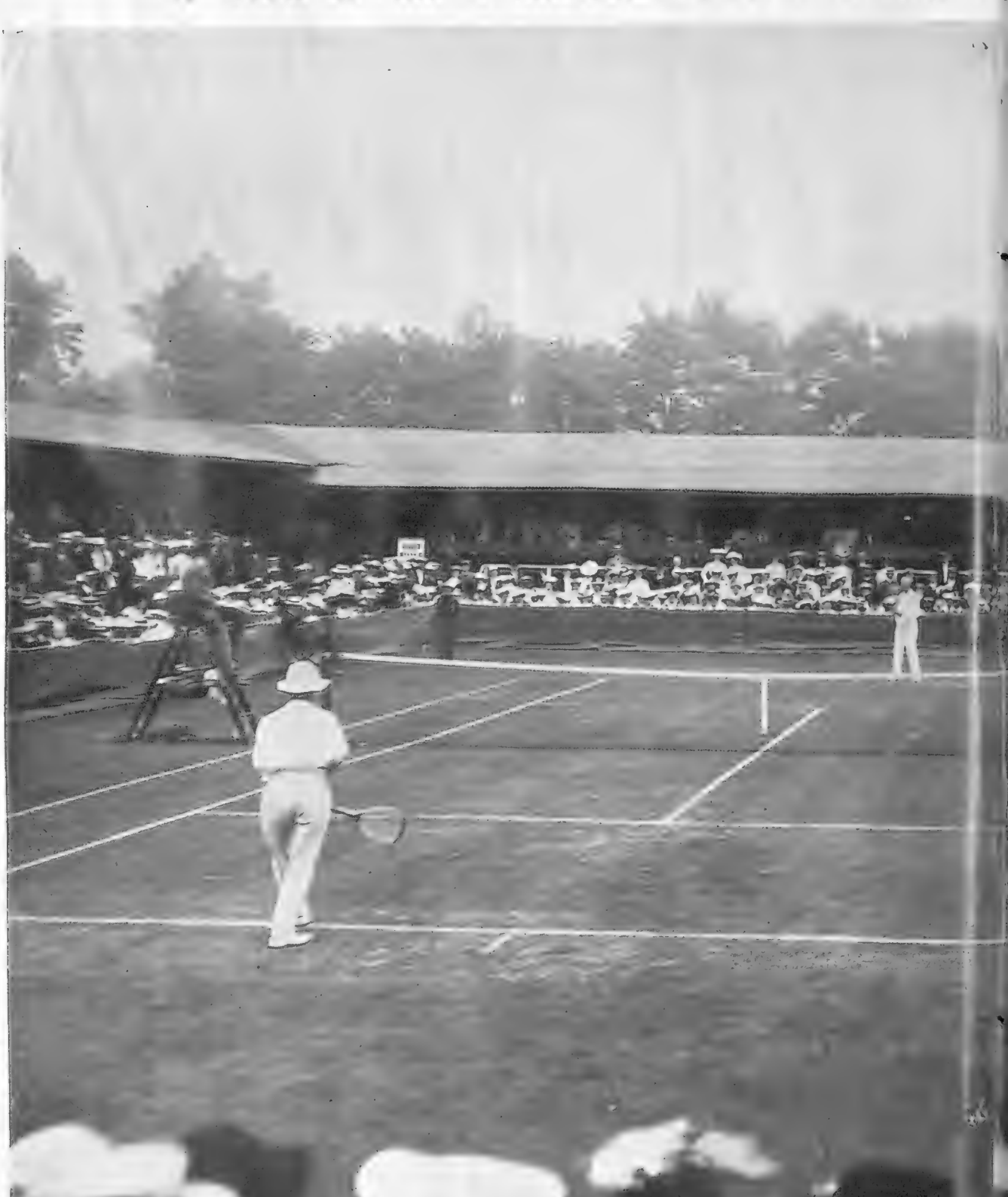


Photo by

Norman Brookes (Australia), defeats S. H. Smith (England), in the Fi T

Progress of the Lawn-Tennis Championships

ie for the All-Comers' Singles Championship, by Three Sets to Two

Baker and Dixon

OUR SHORT STORY

THE GREAT LULL

(A TALE TOLD IN THE FUTURE-PERFECT)

By WILFRID S. JACKSON

"—and Silence like a poultice comes
To heal the blows of Sound."

It came too late. That was the pity of it.

Had the discovery been made ever so little earlier, perhaps in the days when subjugated women poured tea for Dr. Johnson, and stout-hearted Lord Kenyon threatened to pillory the ladies who even then persisted in trying to play bridge; or at the period when a Maria Edgeworth submitted her writings to the parental censorship; or even at the close of the nineteenth century, when woman stood with one foot on the step of her supremacy, while, here and there, in country districts, where the railway was, as yet, the only means of communication, man lingered on an equality——. But these regrets are useless. The counterstroke was delivered too late, and the Great Lull but presaged the bursting of the storm, and his ultimate whelming by his intimate foe. But it must have been a stirring moment, an experience to live again in memory. Something to warm the hearts of the old men and stir vague and vain ambitions in their grandsons who should hear the tale told in the men's outhouse of a winter night, when the Rulers of the Hearth sat within, determining who should not rule the state or make the wars, or reading their great weekly illustrated budgets of advertisement.

But my bitter fancies run away with me. Neither did I see anything of the movement. I tell the tale as it was told to me. Beaten in the struggle for bread by the increasing competition and determination of woman, I had joined the long ranks of broken-down workmen who rattled their collecting boxes under the windows of the ladies' clubs the length of Pall Mall and St. James's Street, when an extraordinary and quite providential chance presented me an opening in one of the few and fiercely besieged employments still abandoned to my sex, and I shipped on an Antarctic whaler, for the next three years secure of food and shelter, and subject only to the comparatively kindly dominion of the American skipper.

But the fat years passed, and the fulness of time saw our anchor dropped in a little Cornish port, whither a bad case of injury to one of the hands, beyond our surgery, forced us to put in on our arrival in home waters, and as we lay at sundown on the quiet flood, silently taking in the long withheld scene, the white-washed cottages now flushed with red, and the precious grass running lavishly over road and hill-side, our three-year silence, the silence of men who speak but when they have something to say, was broken by the call and conversation of the fisher-wives gathered on the beach.

To me, there was a sound of triumph in their tones—the ungenerous raillery of a sex that never makes war in kid gloves—even if the enemy offer them.

Patient, and monosyllabic, some husbands moved about our business on the quay, and the married men of our crew woke one by one as from a dream, and, breaking from the taffrail, muttered and shook their heads as the old memories crowded in to dispel the fond fancies of five minutes ago.

Some younger hands, when it became known that we stayed till daylight in the port, were for the shore, but the seniors revived old tyrannies of Sall and Moll, and reckoned their propitiatory offerings screwed in handkerchiefs, and stowed in corners of salty sea-chests; speaking with affected cheerfulness of the crowded hearth and the curtained discourse of the bedchamber, and with dissembled sentiment of the long, silent nights of the Southern hemisphere, and the loneliness of the seas.

It was dark when a shore boat hailed us, pulled by two of the coastguard, and steered, as the event proved, by the surgeon who had been attending our man.

He now tossed us a bundle of papers, and as I stood at the foot of the gangway, by the light of my lantern, I recognised in him an old acquaintance from the Seaman's Hospital, and cried out in surprise.

"What, Jevons! is it you?" he exclaimed. "Glad to see brass buttons on you in these hard times. I thought you had gone under."

"I've come up again," I said, laughing. "Come on board and have a—talk."

"Can't, I'm on business," he said, promptly. "You'll hardly guess it." Then, in a lower voice and impressively, "I am in charge of the weekly supply boat for James Melville Carton."

"And who the deuce is James Melville Carton?" said I, lazily, leaning on the guide-rope.

With one accord, the three men in the boat turned their faces on me, open-mouthed and speechless.

The bow-oar recovered himself, and, leaning forward, said: "They're three years out, Mr. Abbott."

"Good heavens!" began Abbott, and then again, more softly, "Good heavens! They know nothing of it."

And the three looked at me again. I was irritated, I must confess.

"Out with it," I said roughly. "Is he the first President of the Republic, or a man from Mars, or what's the matter with him?"

The coastguard shook their heads, and rested on their oars. Abbott looked at me with the emotion of Columbus on the peak in Darien.

"Can you get two hours' leave?" he asked. "If so, come with us."

(All rights strictly reserved)

"Carton had given himself from the first to the study of the vocal organs"

(Illustrating our Short Story—"The Great Lull")

DRAWN BY CHAS. CROMBIE

Five minutes later I was sitting by him in the stern sheets, and the click of the rowlocks under the short stroke of the sailors died off the little bay as we put seaward into the calm night. The moon would be up late that night, and I made a remark to that effect.

"I couldn't have taken you but for the dark," said Abbott, and again the sailors shook their heads in sympathy.

"Are we going to rob a church?" I inquired.

"Have a little patience," said my companion. "I am only shaping my tale; but here goes. I will begin at the beginning. It is now only a tale; it was once nearly history."

"I take middle watch, that's all," I said flippantly.

After a pause of several minutes, he began with deliberation:—

"It is now a year and eight months since a peculiar case of *aphasia* attracted attention, not only in medical circles, but in half the drawing-rooms in town, for the subject was a lady very widely known for her hospitality, her undeviating pursuit of duty in the social round, and her powers of conversation—powers, it was maliciously said, often diverted to drowning her husband's voice in home politics.

"Sir James Carton was a savant, a silent man in shabby clothes, with a string of foreign decorations, and a lately bestowed English knighthood; and Lady Carton was, in plain English, a scold.

"Judge, then, of the covert laughter and ironical sympathy excited when the features of the case became known.

"Lady Carton would start the day with her usual volubility, but by mid-day, at latest—earlier in bad weather and on Sundays—an exhaustion, or temporary paralysis, of the vocal chords would set in, and she was speechless until a night's rest had restored her functions—for the forenoon.

"Byron, you will remember, had but one simile for 'wordless woman'—that is, 'silent thunder.'

"Sir James we may leave for the moment with his stricken wife. Perhaps, if she was inconsolable, he was not. It need not concern us here. Society's attention was soon distracted from the particular to the general, for the new disease now broke out right and left, banished influenza and appendicitis to the suburbs, assumed the proportions of an epidemic, and even of a——"

"You surely would not say plague," I said, warmly, excited by the narration.

"You check me in time," said Abbott. "No." And the coastguard grunted approval. He proceeded:—

"The doctors seemed powerless, and their homes were not exempt from the visitation. Indeed, they were the first to be attacked, and attention was soon called to the high percentage of wives of medical men who had been rendered inarticulate. The *Mail*, I remember, had a headline, 'Hushed Harley Street.' Perhaps, they thought straw had been spread there. Married women were in almost all cases the sufferers. Daughters living at home, not rarely. Spinsters were often exempt; living alone, indeed, they were practically immune. But, needless to say, the point about the extraordinary visitation that excited most comment and admiration—I should say wonder—was that men were practically free from attack. I speak now of the early days of the disease. Later, when the thing had spread from London's Fringe (he nodded towards the coast, a darker shade in the darkness) "to John O'Groat's, and over to the Continent, many men, prominent men, Members of Parliament, and barristers and political canvassers, and so forth, were stopped in mid-flow of their eloquence. For the moment, a case here and there but marked their exception.

"Wordless women were in every street, and soon in every house. Assemblies and gatherings, Bodies and Institutions of whatever name, dependent on the vitalising freedom of women's speech, were brought up with a round turn, as Salter here might put it. Ladies' clubs closed their doors. Card-parties perished from inanition. (I have heard that four desperate women met in a house in Mayfair and played in silence. A picture of the time that appals one—but probably untrue.) Concerts were given to empty houses, and, indeed, musical recitals of every description were naturally at an end."

"What a vision of stillness you evoke," I exclaimed enthusiastically, "if vision be the word."

"As calm," said Abbott, with a dreamy smile, leaning back and slacking the tiller-lines for an instant, "as calm as this summer night."

"Peace, perfect peace," I heard stroke-oar groan. I could see but the outline of his bent head and labouring chest.

"You have stood before now in the middle of Hyde Park and heard London roar round you," he resumed, "and you have thought it was the traffic, and the thousand industries of man. You have never thought of the great undercurrent of sound from the two and a half million tongues that run unwearied with the hours. I tell you," he said impressively, sitting up again, "at the height of that epidemic I have stood on the Surrey hills and heard Big Ben strike noon, such a quiet lay on the land.'

I listened entranced.

"And the man who brought this about was James Melville Carton."

"It is he, then, who is ostracised and marooned?" I asked, much troubled.

Abbott nodded.

"As we have seen, the mysterious malady started at his door; and with his removal — his forcible removal—it came to an end."

"Ah!" I cried, "the age of miracles is over, but never the age of martyrs!"

"Carton," he resumed, "had given himself from the first to the study of the vocal organs, and years of attention to the stimulus and production of the voice led him naturally to a profound knowledge of antithetic toxins, and the accident, possibly, of his marriage, gave his studies the opposite bias.

"Briefly, he discovered a drug, in action somewhat like cocaine, in that it numbed the faculties (in this case, of the tongue) temporarily, but completely, and without permanent effect or injury. The well-known devotion of the medical faculty, of which we have had so many glorious examples, prompted him to practise first on his own family. Of his success you have already heard, and the high-minded altruism of our profession, which scorns to keep a profitable

(*Continued on page 84*)

"All the World's a Stage"

WRITTEN BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE—ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM HEATH ROBINSON

(A "strange, eventful history," to be continued weekly)

(Continued from page 82)

secret, quickly spread the particulars of the cure among his brethren. It was found that the most efficacious method of administering the drug was likewise the simplest, and easiest of general practice. A pinch of fine powder, given on food, had the effect I have described—after a brief ten thousand words, the tongue would refuse to act——"

"Ten thousand!" I said, in astonishment. "Surely, a liberal allowance."

"On the contrary," replied Abbott, "it was drastically small, and injured the success of the movement. Consider this: that a woman, speaking with conviction, talks, or can talk, at the rate of two hundred to two hundred and forty words a minute. Say one thousand in five minutes. In less than an hour your limit is reached."

"I see you have studied the subject. But it was surely difficult to dress the food of a particular person without detection?"

"It was unnecessary to dress a particular portion. Indeed, when the secret had passed from the profession to an initiated public, a scheme was mooted for the treatment of all imported foods at the ports of entry."

'Then all were alike affected?"

"Yes, and no. The drug affected all alike, but reflect that the ten thousand words limit—that was the vulgar term, but, of course, not an exact one—is seldom reached by a man in twenty-four hours."

"True. But," again I broke out, "how was the vast business, which you say spread over the kingdom, and beyond, how was it worked in secrecy?"

Abbott felt for my hand in the dusk, and took it in his grip. I wondered. Then—

"You are no Mason," he said, and laughed. "Not for nothing has the Brotherhood earned the hostility of woman."

I was convinced.

There was masonry in the boat though, as four silent men pushed over the water towards a little gleam of yellow light now showing on the dark profile of a small island on our port hand, an outpost of the Scillys, as I conjectured, standing lonely to the Atlantic.

We were stretching hands of sympathy to the leader of a lost cause, and I, who had never been his follower, even for an hour, was strangely affected.

Abbott broke the silence again.

"Secrets will out, however. They say that betrayal came from an author in penurious circumstances, living near Epsom, a dabbler in science, whose mind had become unhinged by the sight of a vastly greater literary output of women writers. Writing as they speak, at the rate we have calculated, they have an overwhelming advantage in the field, and this drove the poor crazy wretch to experiments on the artificial production of *agraphia*—or loss of the power of writing. His lodge denounced him, but his excited defence could not be quieted. His attempt created the utmost alarm, and, incidentally, discovered the origin of the *Morbus Cartonensis*.

"Informed by their journals, vast throngs of women stood next day at Westminster and Whitehall, and a speechless indignation meeting was held in Trafalgar Square.

"Ministers refused audience until mid-day was passed, and it was judged that the speech limit was reached, but the thousands of stern-faced women, with hands uplifted in mute denunciation, appalled the most far-seeing legislators.

"Police, troops, you may use against men, but consider the tactics of women. Never suppose that power lies in combination. They did not combine. They could not. But they acted individually, and the single influence of woman by woman, picking out husbands, lovers, and sons, broke the best disciplined regiments.

"The Commander-in-Chief found his superior in command. The private was seduced from the ranks, the policeman from his beat. Instinct had taught each woman the tactics of the football field, and she picked her man, and stuck to him, and, so to speak, downed him.

"Moreover," he went on, lowering his voice, "there were some unfortunate incidents. Lady Carton herself, for instance. A high-spirited woman of the greatest verbosity, she was stricken by apoplexy, and never spoke again. Others pined away. Though others, mind you, on the contrary, astonished by their recuperative powers, could take the drug at every meal without being wholly subdued. Indeed, the seeming impossibility of conquering the most pronounced cases was urged for the opposition.

"Meantime, the trade of the country had become markedly brisker. The revenue returns showed a quarterly increase that reminded one of the old days of Free Trade.

"For jaded men no longer worked the business of the country, but came fresh to their labours, in field and mart, and the homes where ladies sought rest cures, devised years ago by physicians for the relief of husbands, put up the shutters. For the husbands were relieved."

"And they threw this man to the wolves?" I said, bitterly.

"No. We saved him from the wolves," said Abbott, smiling sadly. "A man of few wants, he leads here a lonely and studious life, the provision boat reaching him weekly, and no woman being allowed within hail of the island. It was the utmost that could be done for him. But he may never interfere again in human activities."

The coastguardsmen shipped their oars, and we came alongside a small stone quay, by the tossing light of a lantern held aloft, as I could now see, by a tall, bent, old man, of noble features and snowy beard, clad in rough fisher-garb, and the wavering gleam showed proud patience in the deep-set eyes, and rock-worn carpet-slippers on the stumbling feet.

The anxious and sympathetic solicitude of my companious touched him with an evident vanity. But our stay was cruelly brief. A handshake, the eloquent grip of strong men strongly moved, and under the rising moon and the increasing distance, the yellow gleam faded and went out.

The touching words of an old-time American poet strove for recollection in my mind as I mused on this extinct volcano, and his extinguished possibilities:—

> The saddest words are these, I ween,
> "It isn't, but it might have been."
> But sadder still, it seems to me,
> "It is, but it didn't ought to be."

WILFRID S. JACKSON

Along the South American Seaboard with the R.M.S.P.

The R.M.S.P. Co.'s new steamer, "Aragon"

The new South American mail boat, as she appeared on her trial trip

A view of the "Aragon's" promenade deck

This steamer, which is of a new type for the R.M.S.P., makes her first voyage to Buenos Ayres on July 14

"A holiday in Teneriffe"; "a trip to Buenos Ayres"—how strange these expressions would have sounded to our grandparents, who lived far on enough, perhaps, to be amazed at Jules Verne's "Round the World in Eighty Days," and yet not long enough to learn of its actual accomplishment. And yet Teneriffe already has its English devotees, who spend holiday after holiday there under the shadow of that mighty peak which can be seen more than a hundred miles away. And Buenos Ayres, and the other South American ports, with which one has become acquainted through the delightful pages of Mr. Cunninghame Grahame, are no longer possible only to the hardened traveller. The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company have always practically had the whole running in regard to these two places, as they have to the West Indies, the Brazilian ports, Monte Video, and the Pacific Ports of South America. By a new steamer, the R.M.S.P., as this well-known old line of steamships is familiarly known, have made it possible for holiday-makers and travellers on their routes, to travel with what one might call Transatlantic opulence. On the steamer *Aragon*, a few photographs of which we reproduce, is to be found not only every comfort, but every luxury the most fastidious could demand. Her length is 527 feet, and she has a beam of 60 feet 4 inches, while her tonnage is something like 10,000. The fittings throughout the boat are of the most elaborate and expensive character. Thus the boudoirs are in the Adam style, and such is the artistic fervour with which these *cabins de luxe* have been equipped, we are informed that on the six suites on the upper deck no less than £5,000 was spent. The *Aragon* makes her first voyage this week, leaving Southampton on July 14 for Vigo, Lisbon, Teneriffe, Brazil, Monte Video, and Buenos Ayres. What a romantic flavour there is about these names! Each one carries with it the memory of some piratical exploit adventured by the seamen of three or four hundred years ago in their voyages to and from the Spanish Main. We wish the *Aragon* and her passengers *bon voyage* on her first trip.

A "cabin de luxe" on the "Aragon"

The six suites of rooms on the upper deck cost no less than £5,000, so sumptuously are they equipped

The first-class dining saloon on the "Aragon"

This room is magnificently decorated with paintings representing the discoveries of Columbus

The Library

Of the great mass of novels which the present holiday season is bringing forth, the best that can be said of most of them is that they are stories pure and simple, in which incident follows incident with such rapidity as to afford the necessary distraction for idle hours. Of such is *The Girl Who Had Nothing*, by Mrs. C. N. Williamson (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*). It does not matter that Joan Carthew is one of the most impossible of heroines, nor that her often questionable adventures could never happen outside of Mrs. Williamson's novel. It is enough for the lounger by the sea to know that here is the opportunity for a "breathless" hour or two. Never were two books written for the same purpose more dissimilar than this and *Rose of Lone Farm*, by Eleanor G. Hayden (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*), a story of Wessex, which will, without doubt, rank as one of the best novels of the year. The finest characters in the book are the men, and one longs to shake hands with Luke Harwell, Gentleman Jack, the tramp, and good old Esau, the "fogger," whose love story is one of the finest things in the book. The author writes with a deep insight into character, and with a kindly humour, which prove her to be a close student of rustic life and manners. With more space, we should like to quote some of her descriptions of nature in its varied moods, for they are written with all the sincerity and feeling of a devout lover of the valley woods and fields, and of the high Wessex uplands. *Rose of Lone Farm* is a novel to buy and keep on one's shelves. Other and greater writers, whose books are on everybody's shelves because they are "famous," bore us with their artistic tediousness. This cannot be said of the author of this admirable book.

An opportune book, so to speak, is *Norway and the Union with Sweden*, by Fridtjof Nansen (Macmillan: 2*s.*), in which the great explorer has endeavoured to give "a neutral and reliable statement of what has happened," and the opinion of the Norwegian people on the matter. Nansen's own opinion is that "a strong and strenuous union between the two countries can only be built upon the two people's complete independence and freedom of action, united together voluntarily. *Any union in which the one people is restrained in exercising its freedom is, and will remain, a danger.*" Dr. Nansen writes English well and fluently, and his little book gives a plain and lucid statement of the facts which have led to the present estrangement between the two countries.

In every well-chosen library, on the shelf alongside with Pepys, Montaigne, and Lamb, is usually found Swift's *Journal to Stella*. Those who do not possess a copy of this immortal *journal intimé*, can now obtain a charming edition just published by Messrs. Bell, in their York Library, at the cost of two shillings. Whatever may be the opinions of historical critics as to Swift's relations with Stella (Hester Johnson), his letters to her show that she inspired in him a love which it is the lot of few women ever to obtain. The *Journal* was written while the great satirist was in London engaged in political work, and it is a record of his sayings and doings, and of his hopes and fears, set down with the most perfect candour, for the woman of whom he once wrote: "She was the truest, most virtuous, and valuable friend that I, or perhaps any other person, was ever blessed with." Messrs. Bell have also issued a dainty little edition, at one shilling, of Coventry Patmore's *Angel in the House*. The new demand for Patmore's poetry has been caused, no doubt, by Mr. Edmund Gosse's recent monograph on Patmore, and Messrs. Bell's edition will certainly bring fresh popularity to a work which had a great vogue when it was published some forty years ago.

A most important work dealing with psychical phenomena has just been published by Messrs. Duckworth. The new work is a translation by Mrs. Finch of Dr. Joseph Maxwell's book, *Les Phénomènes Psychiques*. The interest created by the publication of "Human Personality," a year or so back, a work which contained the lifelong observations of the late Frederic Myers, will be remembered, and since that time the scoffers at manifestations of the unseen have been silenced by the many well-known scientists who are bringing their knowledge to bear upon these problems, and have openly advocated their beliefs. When Richard Jefferies, the great nature writer, published his "Story of My Heart," he was laughed at as a sort of intellectual dyspeptic, and told that he had better by far "stick to his beasts and fishes." Since that time, however, mainly owing to the admirable work done by the Society for Psychical Research, the public attitude towards these questions has altered, and such a book as the one now published will be warmly welcomed. The work contains prefaces by Professor C. Richet and Sir Oliver Lodge, our two foremost authorities on all that pertains to psychical evidence.

Books to Order This Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

Metapsychical Phenomena. By Dr. Joseph Maxwell. (Duckworth.)

The Development of the Feeling for Nature in the Middle Ages and in Modern Times. By Alfred Biese. (Routledge: 6*s.*)

Swift's Journal to Stella. Reprint. (Messrs. Bell's York Library: 2*s.*)

FICTION

Rose of Lone Farm. By Eleanor G. Hayden. (Smith, Elder: 6*s.*)

The Girl Who Had Nothing. By Mrs. C. N. Williamson. (Ward, Lock: 3*s.* 6*d.*)

This Our Sister. By Mrs. Harold E. Gorst. (Digby Long: 6*s.*)

A Lost Cause. By Guy Thorne. (John Long: 6*s.*)

Behind the Throne. By William Le Queux. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

A Tragedy in Commonplace. By M. Urquhart. (Methuen: 6*s.*)

Besides the two novels mentioned above, three or four others of more than average interest have come under our notice. The most striking of these is *This Our Sister*, by Mrs. Harold E. Gorst (Digby, Long: 6*s.*). This book is a powerfully written study of the most sordid side of London life, and in its intensity reminds one strongly of the work of the French realistic school. *A Lost Cause*, by Guy Thorne (John Long), is a novel intended to stir up religious controversy. In it, the methods of "the shrewd and vulgar opportunists who raise the 'Protestant' parrot-cry for their own interests, and for their own ends," are "mercilessly exposed." Another novel, with a religious trend, is *A Tragedy in Commonplace*, by M. Urquhart (Methuen: 6*s.*). The story shows how a woman, who vowed to make her children Christians, "tried to compel them to come in by the narrow doorway of her creed, and how in the end she felt her failure, and died a humble martyr to a mistaken mission." And last, and most surely not least in our list of novels, we have a new one by Mr. William Le Queux—*Behind the Throne* (Methuen: 6*s.*). Mr. Le Queux can always be relied upon, and you may put him down with safety upon your library list.

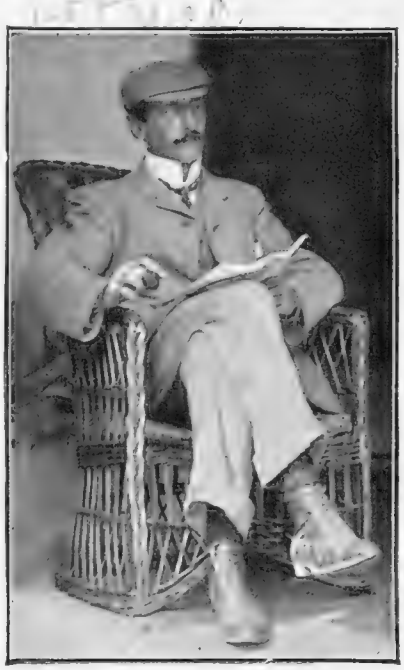
Messrs. A. and C. Black, whose various series of guides are the best known and most complete of their kind, have just issued a splendid *Guide to Spain and Portugal*. In this volume, routes, travel hints, and itineraries, are set out with great lucidity, and everything is done to ensure the visitor seeing all that is worthy of a visit. The information is of the most varied and interesting character, and the historical and literary sides of the country are dealt with in a manner which helps the tourist to get the right "atmosphere," so to speak, while sightseeing. For the amount of hard work such a guide must have given in its preparation, the price of half a guinea charged for it is extremely reasonable.

G. F. J.

A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

Summer Books

Reading for summer days, like clothing and food, must be lighter than that which we find palatable in winter weather. Summer used to be the season for the old two-shilling "yellow-back," which has now entirely disappeared from the railway bookstalls, its place being taken by the little shilling book, such as Mr. J. J. Bell's, or Mr. Barry Pain's, whose "Eliza" had a very large sale two or three years ago. "Light reading" is certainly the cry of the moment, and our writers are doing their best to meet it, for summer books tend to become more and more frivolous. Just fifty years ago the railway tourist was supposed to have a stronger stomach, if one may judge by "Murray's Reading for the Rail," a library then in course of publication. "Essays from the *Times*," at four shillings; "The Chace," by Nimrod, and "The Road," by the same author, at a shilling each; Lord Mahon's "Rebellion in Scotland," at three shillings; and Layard's "Popular Account of Nineveh," the price of which is not mentioned in my old catalogue; these were among the books thought to be suitable for beguiling the tedium of a summer journey in 1851. Either public taste has changed, or publishers now show more acuteness in catering for it. In Murray's old catalogue, from which I have quoted, there is a curious item: "The Muck Manual, for the Use of Farmers." This thrilling work, which stands next to Moore's "Life of Lord Byron," had gone into a second edition, and was, no doubt, popular reading in rural shades!



Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe

The well-known novelist of the Yorkshire moors, whose new book, "Red o' the Feud," is shortly to be published

Novelists of the Soil

"To see little, and to see it well," is, no doubt, a very good hint for the making of a novelist. It is certainly borne out, to some extent, by the lessons one may gather from some of the great novelists of the past; the Brontës, Jane Austen, George Eliot, for instance. In our own day, Mr. Thomas Hardy and Mr. J. M. Barrie furnish examples of writers whose strength resides in knowing intimately a limited sphere of life, which is at once local and universal, since mankind differs only in externals. Although I am open to doubt that the rule I have quoted is an unfailing test of merit in fiction, or, indeed, an effectual gauge of any writer, it cannot be denied that the tendency of modern fiction is in this direction, and that, on the whole, it would seem to make for strength. We have no Scott, no Thackeray, no Dumas, but we have many writers who, in smaller fields, do their work to admiration, with the net result that our literature, as a whole, is by no means in a bad way, even if commanding figures be scarce. I confess to a weakness for what I may call the territorial novelists, as it is a fancy of mine to associate in my mind some particular part of the country with the story I am reading, to compare the author's descriptions with my own memory of the places, or to build up by their aid a mental picture of some place I may reasonably hope to visit. I believe that most people have this habit of "localising" all the fiction they read. Just as in the theatre the audience does a part of the acting (the psychologists are pretty well agreed upon this), so does the reader of a romance contribute a modicum of the imagination necessary to illusion, and here, indeed, is the real reason for the diversity of opinion which prevails concerning some books—all books! I have an especial affection for those of our writers who have parcelled out little districts of our country for their operations, and are content to tell us of the life they know the best of all. After Mr. Hardy, whose supremacy here there is none to dispute, we have Mr. Eden Phillpotts, who writes of those Devonshire moors among which he now lives after a trial of dusty London; Mr. Quiller Couch, who is in precisely the same case with respect to Cornwall; Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe, a finer novelist than either of these distinguished authors, who is master of the Yorkshire heathlands; Mr. Murray Gilchrist, the novelist of the Peak; and many others whose names will occur to the mind of the reader.

Mr. Halliwell Sutcliffe

In another week or two we are to have a new book from the pen of Mr. Sutcliffe, and all who know good fiction when they find it, have already found sufficient bearing the sign manual of Mr. Sutcliffe to make them eager for any new product of his pen. His forthcoming novel, which Mr. Werner Laurie is to publish, is entitled "Red o' the Feud," and in it we shall feel again that refreshing tang of the moorland which is characteristic of all this novelist's writings. I am told that it is even more dramatic than "Shameless Wayne,"

but for my part I shall be well pleased if it be as strong in drama. "Through Sorrow's Gate" appealed to me as one of the most powerful stories of recent years, and it is not too much to say that an author who has to his credit three such books as "Ricroft of Withens," and the two already mentioned, is by way of being assured a permanent place among the modern masters of the novel. Mr. Sutcliffe, who is only thirty-five, is a graduate of King's College, Cambridge, and has been devoted to literature ever since he left the University in 1893, spending a short time in London before returning to his beloved moorlands, and that "country way of life" which he cherishes above all other attractions of a successful career of letters. He tells me that one of the happiest features of his work is the number of letters it brings him from sons of the soil who have gone out to the Colonies. They write assuring him that in reading his stories of the rude old moors and the kindly folk who live out their lives among them, they are persuaded he deeply understands the "Mother Country."

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mr. R. Murray Gilchrist

Who is not unknown to BYSTANDER readers as the writer of charming stories of the Derbyshire Peak District

Mr. Murray Gilchrist

Having mentioned the name of Mr. Gilchrist above, I am tempted to a note about him, although I have seen no recent evidence of his literary activity. He, too, is a Yorkshireman, with a strong feeling for country life; but I admit that he was for a time something of a puzzle to me, as, alongside of a very uncommon literary ability, he exhibited a lack of sincerity strangely at variance with the inspiration of the soil. I recall, for instance, his early story, "Frangipanni," as a rather absurd performance, and "The Rue Bargain," which came five years later, and after he had written many charming short stories, struck me as but little better. It did not ring true. It was that sorry spectacle of ability being wasted for want of downright seriousness. But only two years ago came "Beggar's Manor," and Mr. Gilchrist had contrived to be as sincere in a long story as earlier he had been in his short tales of the Peakland, with the result that we had a book of distinct achievement, and of still greater promise. He will have to rid himself of certain affectations of style before he quite comes into his own, but this we may reasonably expect him to do, and in him we shall have another novelist of the soil capable of enriching the literature of the country. Mr. Gilchrist is thirty-seven, and began to write at a very early age, his visits to Derbyshire having led to his eventually living for several years in the High Peak for the express purpose of studying the country folk. He lives near to his native town of Sheffield, is a great walker, and makes a hobby of old ballad music.

"Very Chestertonian"

A clear proof of Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton's vogue is the fact that his work has given rise to the adjectival use of his name, after the fashion of such historic examples as "Rabelaisian," "Johnsonian," "Gilbertian." Let him beware that it may not come to be a term of disparagement! The fact is, he is working the paradox just a trifle too much, and from having used it naturally and effectively at first, he is now, in a sense, caricaturing his original self, so that what was once spontaneous is becoming suspiciously like a trick. So, at least, do I read "Heretics," his latest book, and I consider Mr. Chesterton is far too valuable a writer for those who appreciate him to witness his running to seed without suggesting the pruning knife.

Journalistic Grammar

One must never be hard upon the grammatical slips of the journalist, as so much that we slaves of the pen reel off is produced at too high a pressure for attending to the niceties of syntax; and, truth to say, many an able journalist knows far less of the rules of grammar than a lad in the fourth form. I could mention one who is very hazy as to what a split infinitive is, and it is not long since I found, in conversation with a well-known novelist, that he was under the impression it was always wrong to put "and" next to "which!" Myself, I have sometimes been guilty of a split infinitive through lack of care; at other times of deliberate purpose; and, like Mr. Robert Barr, I confess that I find a good way out of the "shall" and "will" difficulty by writing the opposite of what comes to me naturally! I have been tempted along this little side-path by finding in the columns of the *Daily Chronicle* the finest example of the two worst offences I have ever seen within the space of two lines. Here is the sentence: "The finding of the remains of Lord Francis may in some way clear up the mystery attending the accident, *and which* the survivors themselves were never able *to* satisfactorily *explain*." But when we find even Mr. George Meredith writing "different to" and the mighty "G.B.S." splitting the infinitive as cheerfully as he denounces Shakespeare, what is one to say? "Better to err with Pope than shine with Pye," as Byron put it, himself a frequent offender against the laws of grammar, may meet the case.

Manners Maketh Man

"Go on, Emily, ladies first!"

DRAWN BY STARR WOOD

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The Golfers' Year-Book*

A notable addition has just been made to the golfer's library of reference in the shape of "The Golfers' Year-Book," which is edited by Mr. J. L. Low, and published by Messrs. James Nisbet and Co. Mr. Low is known wherever golf is played, and one of the partners of the publishing firm is another well-known golfer, so that the book comes to us from the hands of true golfing parents. Although there have been other publications, notably the "Golfing Annual," which have aimed at supplying the needs of golfers, none has so fully met this demand as the present volume. The publishers' aim has been to produce a golfing Whitaker, and I may say at once that in their first issue this aim has been to a great extent achieved. In a word, the book is one which every golfer should purchase, for it contains in a compendious form all the information concerning the game which a player or writer on the game should have at his elbow. Within its covers we can find every possible particular that we may wish to know. For the contents consist of the Rules of Golf, the decisions of the Rules of Golf Committee (this is a most invaluable item), the Golfer's Calendar of Fixtures, a Directory of Golf Clubs of the United Kingdom, with critical descriptions of the more famous courses by leading golfers, a Directory of Continental and American Golf Clubs, and a "Who's Who," giving particulars respecting the best-known amateur and professional players.

Photo by *Brooke*

H.H. Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein on the Links at Cumberland House

Watching the Prince's play is the House Steward of Cumberland House, an able exponent of the game

A Useful Handbook

When I add that there are also excellent articles by the editor, and by other eminent experts, describing the great competitions of the past year, together with an admirable essay by Peter Lees, the famous green-keeper of the Mid-Surrey Golf Club, on the art of keeping a golf course in good order, I shall have said enough to justify my advice to all golfers to lose no time in acquiring this hand-book. There are, of course, some signs of haste in the production of the compilation. The editor, in particular, when he is expounding the "law and prophets" of the golfing bible, should be careful to see that his grammar is above suspicion. Such a sentence as, "They are fortunate in their years and deserving of all respect from we who live in meaner times" is not worthy of the author of the monograph on Freddy Tait. The editorial "we" in these days is much objected to, but surely never with such good cause as in the sentence I have quoted above. Possibly, Mr. Low's enthusiasm for the rule about casual water on the putting green has infected his grammar, and made that casual too. But I have no doubt that the desire to get the book out before the season was far advanced, must be the excuse for this and some other mistakes inseparable from a first publication. For instance, in the Professional "Who's Who," I look in vain for the names of R. Thomson and Jack Rowe, though the former's play at Sandwich last year entitles him to a mention in such a publication, while the latter is a fine player of long standing, from whom, curiously enough, a description of the Ashdown Forest Links, where he is professional and green-keeper, is quoted.

A Hint to the Publishers

While I am on the subject of fault-finding, I would like to point out to the publishers that I do not think the binding of the book worthy of its importance, or of the position in the golfer's library which they design it to hold. At present it has the appearance more of a cookery book or a Baedeker than of a volume intended to occupy the shelves of a library. But, no doubt, these and other shortcomings will be made good another year, and I heartily congratulate the publishers and editor on having made such a good beginning. The list of contributors is a guide in itself to practically all the best authorities on, and exponents of, the great game. To humble scribes like myself, the volume will be simply invaluable, for I can find in a moment within its covers any point on which my memory may fail me. Hitherto, I have had to rely on my volumes of *Golf Illustrated*, but now I shall be able each year to feel fully armed with my trusty year-book by my side. No better editor could have been found t' an Mr. John L. Low, although some of the ultra-Tory opinions enunciated in his article, "The Golfer and the Law," may not prove acceptable to all and sundry. But his eminence as a player, his knowledge of the game and of its players, and the general soundness and safeness of his views on its laws and politics, admirably fit him for his task. I wish the publication all the success it so well deserves.

Ernest Lehmann

*("The Golfers' Year Book." Nisbet, 3*s. 6*d.)*

Midnight Photography in the Orkneys

Photo by *James Omond*

Fishing at midnight in the Loch of Kirbister, Orkney

The two fishermen seen in this striking photograph caught forty-two trout between midnight and eight in the morning, several being over ½ lb. in weight. Photographer readers may be interested to learn that our photograph, taken on the stroke of midnight, was given one and a half minutes' exposure on a Special Rapid Plate, the camera being fitted with an Anastigmat lens

The Result of Our Quarterly Competition and Criticisms of the Play

The Prize, £10 10s., which we offered to the Competitor who obtained the greatest number of marks in the Weekly Competitions during the last Quarter, has been gained by

R. A. Jenkins, Esq., I.C.S. ("Raniput"), of Westville, Linden Road, Bexhill-on-Sea.

List of the First Ten Competitors and Their Marks:

TOTAL NUMBER OF MARKS POSSIBLE TO OBTAIN, 190.

1.	RANIPUT	161
2.	AP TWM	152
3.	KIRKLAND I.	150
4.	CAPTAIN CUTTLE	148
5.	OLTONIA	147
6.	FANTÔME	144
7.	MILES...	143
8.	KIRKLAND II	142
9.	P.M.S.	141
10.	TYLHUS	139

The Competition

The competition, both from the point of view of the numbers and the keenness of the competitors, has been the most successful we have as yet had. It was, too, exceedingly interesting to follow, for, up to the end of the tenth week, at any rate, the final victory might have fallen to any one of half a dozen competitors. It was interesting, too, to observe the variations in the competitors' play: the declarations, and the reasons for them, of many of them grew sounder and sounder as the competition advanced; others would be excellent for two or three weeks, then they would fall off for a week or two, then they would grow good again. Other competitors would drop out of the competition altogether for a week or two, then they would come into it again, apparently with renewed energy. One or two competitors earned my warm respect by the English doggedness with which, in spite of the lowness of their marks week after week, they stuck to it.

Unlucky Competitors

One competitor, Captain Cuttle by *nom de guerre*, struck me as being most unlucky. The general average of his solutions was high enough to give him the fourth place in the whole competition; yet never once did he quite bring it off and win one of the weekly prizes. Tylhus, who obtained the tenth place in the whole competition, is in like case. Two dozen or more competitors whose general average was not so good, had each his, or her, flash of inspiration, and carried off a prize in a weekly competition.

The Ladies

I watched carefully the play of the ladies in the competition. They not only showed themselves a match for the men by winning seven of the weekly prizes; but two of them are in the first ten in the whole competition. Seeing that they formed but a little more than twenty-six per cent. of the whole number of competitors, they held their own very well indeed. Curiously enough, in the matter of the neatness with which they sent in their solutions, they were beaten hollow by the men. This may not be owing to the fact that men are naturally neater than women, but to the fact that to the latter the pen is an unfamiliar implement.

The Problems

The object of the problems set was to keep fresh in the minds of competitors the general principles upon which declarations should be made. Some of them, but not many, were border-line hands, on which two declarations are justified. But it must be borne in mind that declarations in actual play are very much more a matter of mood than in a competition of this kind; and I have no doubt that, in actual play, many of the competitors would not only have made different declarations from those they sent in in their solutions, but would also make different declarations on the same hand on different days. Still, the important thing is to come to the game with a knowledge of the general principles on which sound declarations are made.

A NEW COMPETITION

I have received a number of very gratifying letters from competitors, for which I thank them, assuring me of the pleasure they have derived from this competition. I should be pleased if those of them who would like a similar thirteen weeks' competition would write me a postcard to say so. Moreover, THE BYSTANDER offers

A Prize of One Guinea

for the best suggestion of a novel Bridge Competition. It must not be a competition which we have held before; and it must by no means be of a tedious elaborateness.

PROBLEMATICUS.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Bridge of Sighs. 12.—Pons. Declarations were correct, but the reasons given were very slight.—Rajah. Your solutions are under consideration.

THE CONNOISSEUR: Old French Porcelain

In the arts we have always owed a vast deal to our Latin neighbours, and in no particular has this been more felt than in regard to eighteenth century porcelains, when the finest examples of French work set the fashion and taught the art to British ceramicists. To those who have long studied the chinaware of all countries, that of old Nankin is the most delightful and satisfying, and judged by that high standard, all European work is poor, usually over-decorated, and yet of no decorative value as a whole. But such a work as that of M. Auscher, which the well-known authority on ceramics, Mr. William Burton, has translated and edited under the title of *French Porcelain* (Cassell), may well give the enthusiast of Celestial wares pause. For this full and elaborately illustrated volume places before the reader so immense a variety of good work, that even those prejudiced in favour of the old Nankin productions must admit that the Chinese did not know everything under the *Ming*. As Mr. Burton says, in effect, this volume deals very fully with the rise and growth of the production of porcelain in every part of France. The mysterious Chinese ware that began to find its way, very slowly, into Europe during the middle ages, formed a constant subject of research to alchemists and philosophers, as well as to potters. But to the experimentalists they must often have been depressing, for they were without the slightest knowledge of the materials or technique of the material they intended to reproduce. The French faience-makers of the seventeenth century, however, made a ware that possessed those qualities of whiteness and translucence which were so remarkable in the original, but their porcelain was compounded of mixtures of glass, chalk, and clay, instead of the natural Kaolin and felspathic ingredients of Oriental porcelains. The manufacture of this particular French ware was difficult and expensive, but aided by powerful patronage, it grew to a large industry before it was replaced by a hard-paste porcelain of the Chinese kind, made with French materials. The soft-paste porcelain lasted some seventy years in France, and during that time many of the most interesting pieces of the great factories were produced. In the days of the Pompadour, such extravagant bouquets of flowers, naturalistic in the last degree, as that shown in our illustration, were all the rage. The King spent 800,000 livres on Vincennes porcelain flowers in one order, and his Court, we may be sure, were not slow to follow suit. This example is highly characteristic of the accomplished grace and over-elaboration of French work at its best. It carries the fineness of porcelain to its ultimate, but not to its best and most decorative uses. The Chinese had done this centuries before. In the milk-jug of Chantilly, of which we give a photograph, the Oriental feeling in the decorations is clearly seen; the design is painted in green enamel, etched in black, with the most pleasing results. Among all the varieties of French ware, it is the one likely to give most enduring pleasure. To those interested in the subject there is no more valuable book than this one which Mr. Burton has added to the already well-known works on ceramics, which Messrs. Cassell have published. E. M.

French Porcelain: A Chantilly milk-jug showing Oriental feeling in decoration

A bouquet in porcelain de Vincennes

Lawn-Tennis Notes

By H. S. SCRIVENER

If only Sunderland did not Clash with Wimbledon!

For local reasons, the Sunderland tournament has to be held in Newcastle race week, and this causes it to clash with the Championships; otherwise I do not see why it should not become as big an affair as its neighbour, the Northumberland County meeting at Newcastle, for the ground is a fine one, having fifteen good courts, with room for more, and the other "fixings" are quite suitable for the holding of a tournament on a large scale. As it is, the entries, though drawn almost exclusively from Northumberland and Durham, are numerous enough, and are increasing steadily year by year, so that, with thirty-seven in the Open Singles, sixty-four in the two handicaps, twenty-two pairs in the Open Doubles, and so on in proportion in the other events, I had no difficulty in keeping the courts full. The Allens, of course, had matters pretty much their own way in the level events, but there are several young players in the district—notably R. D. Watson and C. A. Patterson—of whom more should be heard in the future, if they can stick to it, and get practice of the right kind, while the standard of play among the ladies—as

Impressions of Miss May Sutton at Wimbledon

SKETCHED BY CHARLES PAYNE

Photo by *Baker and Dixon*

Norman Brookes (Australia)

Who, after winning his way into the Challenge Round of the Gentlemen's Singles Championship, was defeated, after a fine game, by H. L. Doherty

represented by the Misses Aitchison—is distinctly high.

The Championship

There is no doubt whatever that the Colony where the cricketers come from has succeeded in giving us a rare shake-up in lawn tennis too, and the fact that backers of Brookes for the big match at even money were to be found, shows what an impression his play has made. These same backers also, incidentally, paid a high compliment to Smith, for the idea evidently was that if Brookes could beat Smith at the top of his game—as he undoubtedly was when the two men met—he stood a good chance of beating Doherty too. However, as it has turned out, the opinion of those who hold that Doherty is a bit better than anyone else has once more been justified, and England's best is still the best in the world. A long time ago, Dr. Dwight said, in his book, that he thought that good volleying would always beat good base-line play, and Brookes *v.* Smith will long stand as a "leading case" in support of this proposition, while Doherty *v.* Brookes shows that the way to beat a tip-top volleyer is to play him at his own game, getting the attack on first whenever you can, and to have a reserve of sound base-line play in hand for use when the attack is against you. This, as every player knows, is what is commonly termed a tall order, but "H. L."—like Mr. Dolls in "Our Mutual Friend"—has proved himself to be "the man to do it"; and I believe "R. F." can do it too.

The Davis Cup

This reminds me that it is virtually settled that England's defence of the Davis Cup will be entrusted, bar accident, to the two Doherty's, so that the hope I expressed in these notes some weeks back, will be realised. Who will be their challengers is the question of the hour just now. Belgium having scratched, owing to the illness of de Borman, France plays America, and Austria meets Australasia, and the probabilities are that America and Australasia will meet in the final. This should furnish a fine struggle. The prophets apparently incline to the opinion that Brookes will win two Singles for his side, but that America will win the other two Singles, and also the Double, which will give them the odd event — but prophecying about lawn tennis is dangerous work. We have yet to see the Americans —and especially Larned—at their best.

Miss Sutton Triumphant

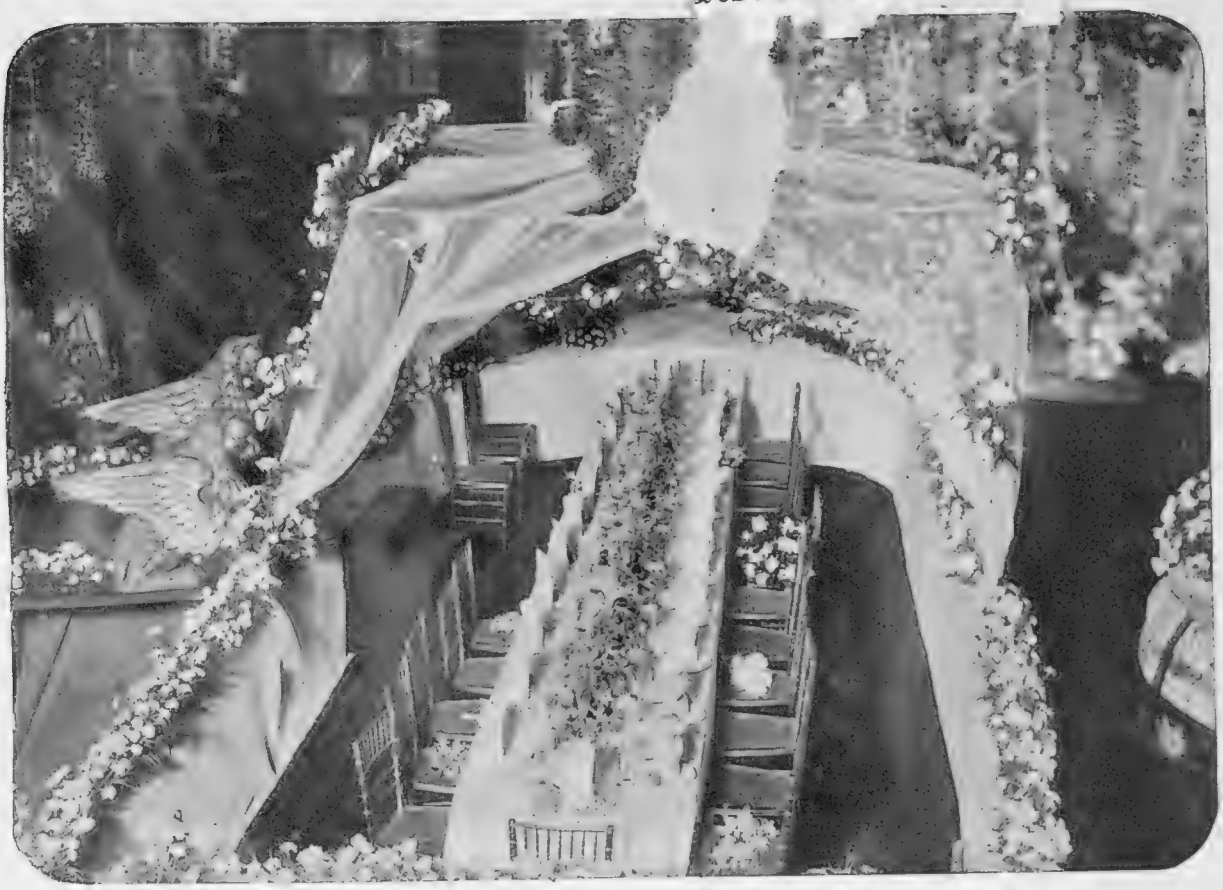
In the defence of the Ladies Championship, Miss Douglass was not, like her fellow-cupholder, at her best. She had tried hard to get into trim for the ordeal, but there was not time enough, and to beat Miss Sutton she needed all the skill she has ever shown, and, perhaps, a bit more. Miss Thomson and Miss Wilson went nearer to the winner than anyone else, and Miss Wilson, with a little more luck, might have won the first set. These little *contretemps* are unfortunate, but it would have been far more unfortunate if the luck had gone against our visitor, whose popularity is barely exceeded by her skill. H. S. Scrivener.

Photo by *E. E. White*

H. L. Doherty (Singles Champion)

Who beat Norman Brookes (Australia) in the Challenge Round of the Gentlemen's Singles Championship, at Wimbledon, last Saturday, by 8—6, 6—2, 6—4

Flowers as a Decorative Medium



A Table at the £3,000 Gondola Dinner recently given by an American at the Savoy

In this gondola, floating on the surface of an improvised lake at the Savoy Hotel, Mr. Kessler last week entertained twenty-four guests. This dinner cost £110 a head. A splendidly arranged display of flowers added to the general sumptuousness of the table decorations

A Beautiful Show of Gloxinias recently exhibited by Messrs. Sutton and Sons, of Reading

The gloxinia is a very beautiful bell-shaped flower, and it is among the specialities of the well-known Reading firm, who have brought it to perfection

...cks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

To be a successful saleist you must cease to be, for the time being, in any way a social personage. The two pursuits decline altogether to assimilate, which accounts in a large measure for a certain slackness at the sales during the past week. The real fun of the fair, as a matter of fact, only commences this week, when the moment of departure to "fresh woods and pastures new" becomes imminent. When one begins to think seriously of a complete change of trousseau, and to pine for the simple *modes* that shall accompany us in the make-believe simple life that prevails for the next two or three months, the remnant becomes all powerful, from which shall be fashioned the ravishing blouse by that clever sewing-maid. Also the robe, such an eminently useful garment for concealing ravages, is quite within the capacity of that same maid. And, apropos of the remnant, there are some real bargains that no woman, if she be wise, will miss at

Design for a hat of the moment

A smart black chip hat, caught up with feather and handsome paradise plume

Shoolbred's Sale

Almost may this be called the leading sensation of the sale season. It is a mere flash of three days, respectively 17th, 18th, and 19th, a genuine clearance of the season's surplus stock, a fact made manifest by the extraordinary prices that prevail. It is inevitable that the first day affords one a certain superior choice, while the last holds the exceptional temptation of sale prices halved again. As a matter of fact, such goods as then remain are sold practically for anything they will fetch.

It is altogether a great and exceptional opportunity. Although I have attended Shoolbred's sales more years than I quite care to remember, the sad reflection of "flying time" is fully compensated for by the remembrance of the really good and satisfactory bargains gathered there. And this year, having been granted a preliminary peep, my hopes are at bubbling point of further successes. In the millinery department, the sweep is to be extraordinarily complete, and I strongly advise an open eye being kept on some smart straw travelling hats at 7*s.* 6*d.*, while for a guinea the millinery summit may be said to be attained. There are wonderful linen motor caps from 1*s.* 11*d.*, and more durable alpaca models at 3*s.* 6*d.*

In the outfitting, a speedy onslaught should be made on some embroidered muslin slips at 3*s.* 11*d.*, simply wonderful value; smart silk blouses, commencing at 7*s.* 11*d.*; and all the French models, the very most *récherché* things of silk, satin, and crêpe-de-Chine, and lace, are marked down in many instances at less than half price. Although not actually the cheapest instances in *negligées*, relatively far and away the best bargains are some fine spot or plain muslin models, exquisitely trimmed with lace, and mounted over thin coloured silk or batiste, a start in these being made at 49*s.* 6*d.* They were originally valued at treble the sum.

The costume reductions, again, are of most

convincing character, blue and black serge cloth coats and skirts, for holiday wear, starting at 39*s.* 6*d.*, and there is a quite wonderful tailor-made serge skirt at 15*s.* 6*d.*

More wonderful persuasions than ever will be found in parasols, the really best value here again obtaining in the more expensively priced goods, all this year's models having dropped down to less than original cost value. Thus a model, once two and a half guineas, will go at 27*s.* 6*d.*, or thereabouts; a stock of silk umbrellas, with gun-metal handles, beautifully inlaid with silver, will be cleared at a uniform price of 10*s.* 6*d.*; a less elaborate and distinctive handle, also of gun-metal, being marked at 7*s.* 11*d.* There are just a few perfectly wonderful Tambour lace robes, to be sold at 21*s.* 6*d.*, that should not be missed on any account, and ostrich feather boas—the curled quality—are not likely to stand upon the order of their selling, at 7*s.* 9*d.*

Marshall and Snelgrove's

This is always the very best of sales, and it only started on the 10th. The particular department I have in mind is that one devoted to silks. Here you will find coloured taffeta foundation silks at 1*s.* 6*d.*, that are equally suited to petticoats, and are in medium and dark shades only; some exquisite taffetas mousseline, satin lumineux, Merveilleuse, and Louisines, varying, according to quality and kind, from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* 11*d.* the yard—simply ideal for bridesmaids and evening frocks—and dear litt'e *chiné* and striped silks, substantially reduced either by the yard or the dress length.

Nor is it ever possible to draw a blank in mantles during sale time at Messrs. Marshall's, and certainly no one need despair this year of going without one of the fashionable cream serge or blanketing cloth coats, since these start at one guinea. While a special plea goes forth for consideration of the stock of fur coats—just the use'ul knockabout furs, so to say, such as musquash, squirrel, Persian paw, and electric seal, and lined cloth coats, all of which are marked down at give-away prices—one surmises to make room for the more prohibitive choice that always reigns supreme here during the winter months. Most significant are the reductions in feather boas, and they have such a glorious choice in all the lovely new shades, and a feather boa is now only pardonable when it is peculiar.

Original design for a picturesque garden-party hat

In Leghorn, the upturned front revealing a quantity of tiny white tulle frills, a white lace scarf falling down the back, with La France roses and black velvet loops

Summer Footgear

White canvas shoes, strapped with white buckskin, are quite the smartest and most comfortable summer shoes that have ever come in. The buckskin strappings, as will be readily understood, serve to keep the canvas shapely, and a white shoe, once it spreads, is a disfigurement past describing. For motoring, yachting, tennis, and seaside wear, this canvas shoe has a sure success. Or there is another entirely of buckskin, that is equally accounted of excellent virtues; but buckskin, I am reminded, in every colour, is having a big vogue, and is especially effective let into a golosh of *glacé* or patent. It has quite taken the place of coloured cloth or ordinary leather, and, best of all, the elect only seem to have realised its value as applied to feminine footgear. For the rest, during the dog days, we pin our faith on the cool Greek *soulier*, in everything save patent; while a Parisian fancy, we are told, is to have shoe buckles and waist buckles *en suite*.

Garden-Party Hats

That is a peculiarly picturesque treatment accorded a leghorn, the upturned front revealing a quantity of tiny white tulle frills, a gracefully draped scarf of fine white lace, falling veil-wise down the back, together with a tumbling mass of La France roses and black velvet loops.

Paquin at Popular Prices

Before the name of Paquin every feminine knee bows in humble adoration; but, alas! the majority do so from afar, saving only when the great house holds its annual sale of one week, when even the quite moderately endowed may venture into the sacred precincts, and gather up the modistic crumbs that remain, at the popular prices that prevail.

Everyone knows what an exclusive affair a Paquin creation is—an inspiration wholly original, and carrying the highest credentials of elegance to the last day of its being—and yet, notwithstanding, the firm have dropped the price of all the remaining models fifty to sixty per cent., and as the sale proceeds to its close—Saturday—these prices may be still further reduced, which will be some sort of compensation to those who have missed the first few days' pick. But almost one might go to a Paquin sale with the eyes shut, for, like the man of many virtues, the good there can do no wrong. Teagowns, blouses, and millinery are certain temptations, and never fail to provide suggestive matter to many a dull brain, placed on a lower modistic level.

G.N.R. EXPRESS EXCURSIONS

HOLIDAY TRAVEL A SPECIALITY

From KING'S CROSS (G.N.)

and other London Stations:

WEDNESDAYS, for 8 days to — Skegness, Sutton-on-Sea, Mablethorpe, Gorleston, Lowestoft, Sheringham, Cromer, Mundesley, and Yarmouth.

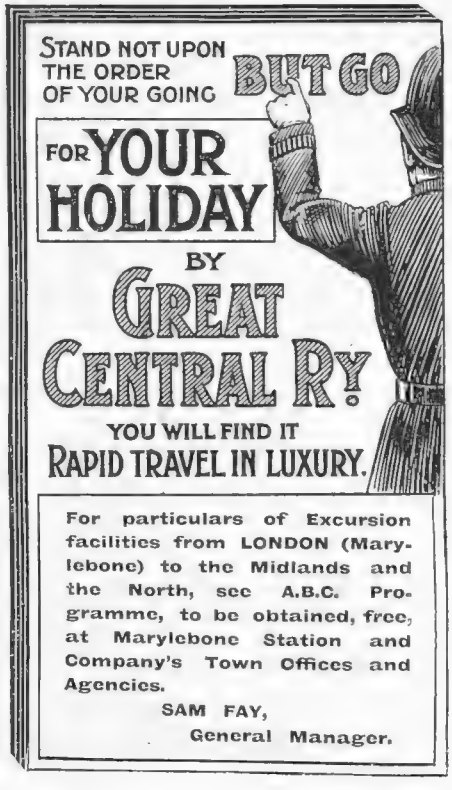
SATURDAYS, for 3, 8, 10, 15 or 17 days to — Seaside and Pleasure Resorts in LINCOLNSHIRE, YORKSHIRE, LANCASHIRE (Skegness, Scarboro', Blackpool, &c.)

SATURDAYS, for 3, 6 or 8 days to — Principal stations in NORFOLK DISTRICT, LINCOLNSHIRE, NOTTINGHAMSHIRE, DERBYSHIRE, STAFFORDSHIRE, YORKSHIRE, LANCASHIRE, and North Eastern District.

For Full Particulars, apply to the Chief Passenger Agent, Great Northern Railway, King's Cross, London, or to any G.N. Station or Office.

OLIVER BURY, General Manager.

PLEASE CUT OUT FOR FUTURE REFERENCE.



For particulars of Excursion facilities from LONDON (Marylebone) to the Midlands and the North, see A.B.C. Programme, to be obtained, free, at Marylebone Station and Company's Town Offices and Agencies.

SAM FAY,
General Manager.

NO AMOUNT OF WORD JUGGLING CAN ALTER THE FACT THAT OF ALL PIANO-PLAYERS THE PIANOLA ALONE PROVIDES AUTHORITATIVE RENDERINGS.

WITHOUT the assistance of Paderewski, Moszkowski, Sträuss, Bauer, Chaminade, and many other famous artistes, even the Pianola could not do this, but because these great musicians recognise the artistic possibilities of the instrument, they have furnished music-roll interpretations, knowing that Pianola reproductions of such renderings will be instinct with the colour and general expression effects employed by them in the original performance.

It is only the Pianola with the Metrostyle that makes such results possible. You are invited to call — the instrument would interest you.

If unable to visit us, please write for Catalogue B.

The Orchestrelle Co.

ÆOLIAN HALL

135-6-7, New Bond Street, London, W.

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS

Photo by *M. Branger*

Nazarri, on his F.I.A.T., took second place

Though Lancia, after leading through the first two circuits, broke down, Nazarri on a similar car ran second

Théry, on his Brasier Car, First Again

Théry, the hero of the last two Gordon Bennett's, surely possesses, in a great degree specially developed, the sense of speed. First in the Ardennes trials last year, he ably represented France in the succeeding Gordon Bennett, held near Homburg, winning the coveted Cup. On June 16 the motor world wondered, when he, his mechanician Mullen, and his trusty Brasier car, finished first. Many of us regard high-speed racing as largely a matter of luck and tyres; that Théry, fine driver as he is, could repeat his performance when pitted against the world's best and speediest, seemed improbable. The successive victories of this speed specialist go, I think, to prove that there is not so much luck as we think, even in these whirlwind races. Judgment, cool skill, calculating courage, the sense of speed, and a good car, these, not luck, determine the event.

The Blameless Record of the Dangerous Auvergne

With villages fenced, railway tracks specially bridged, bad corners eased, and plentifully besprinkled with a new dust-laying compound, the twisting, curving, sharp-cornered Auvergne circuit had been much improved by the French authorities. As early as two a.m. crowds began to gather in Clermont-Ferrand. The Colonial Minister, M. Clementel, the official representative of the Government, arrived at three o'clock, and four o'clock saw the stands at Laschamps fairly filled. The eighty-four mile circuit, guarded by twelve thousand soldiers, was cleared at half-past four, and at six o'clock in the morning, Théry, the holder of the Cup, left the line. Five-minute intervals separated the racers, all being sent on their way by M. Tampier without incident.

The F.I.A.T.'s Do Uncommonly Well

Théry was undoubtedly first favourite, but Jenatzy and his Mercédès were considered dangerous. The latter driver, however, failed to justify expectations, and the Mercédès, curiously enough, were quite out-distanced by their Italian offspring, the F.I.A.T.'s. Lancia, at the helm of one of these 110 h.-p. monsters, came near beating the French champion. Going all out in the first two rounds, he gained no less than twelve minutes on Théry. In the third circuit, engine troubles followed, but not before he had accomplished the fastest average circuit speed, namely, fifty-four miles per hour, Théry's best pace for an individual circuit being but 50·6 miles per hour. Though Lancia's car, probably driven too hard, failed to stay the course, yet the F. I. A. T. manufacturers did uncommonly well, for their other two cars, handled respectively by Nazarri and Cagno, finished second and third. In addition to winning the Cup, France did best as regards teams, the second Richard-Brasier finishing fourth, and Duray's big De Dietrich being sixth. America, as I expected, did badly, and it is still evident that Transatlantic manufacturers, however clever they may be at breaking mile records on the track, cannot send over a car that can be driven

Photo by *M. Branger*

Another Italian place winner

It was quite an F.I.A.T. day, Cagno, on another of these cars, securing third place, only 19 mins. behind Théry

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LD., BELFAST

Regent Street & Cheapside, London; and Liverpool.

Manufacturers to His Majesty the King and H.R.H. the Princess of Wales.

IRISH COLLARS, CUFFS, AND SHIRTS.

Collars—Gentlemen's 4-fold, from 4/11 per doz.
Cuffs—For Ladies or Gentlemen, from 5/11 per doz.

Samples and Illustrated Price Lists Post Free.

Shirts—Fine Quality Long-cloth, with 4-fold pure Linen Fronts and Cuffs, 35s. 6d. per half doz. (to measure, 2s. extra).

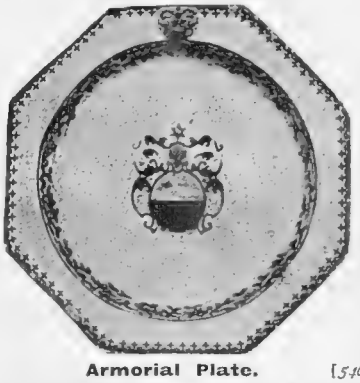
Old Shirts made good as New with good Materials in neckband, cuffs and front for 14/- the half doz.

N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Enquiries for Samples of these Goods should be sent direct to Belfast.

MISSES H. & I. WOOLLAN

(UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE).

ANTIQUE FURNITURE.



OLD CHINA.

Telephone] **Armorial Plate.** *[5467 Gerrard.*

28, BROOK STREET, GROSVENOR SQUARE, W.

An article "de luxe"

HORROCKSES' MERCERISED SHEETS.

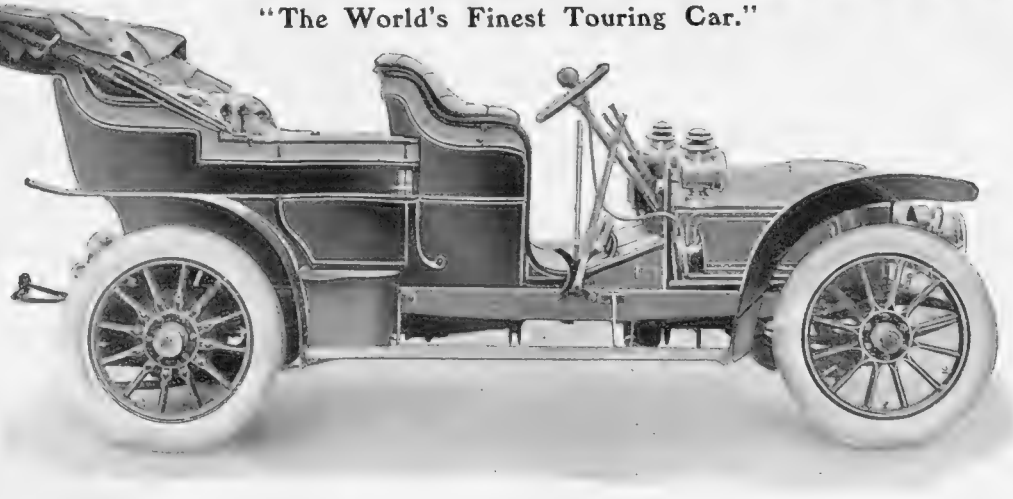
"SOFT AS SILK."

Obtainable from Leading Drapers.

See Horrockses' Name on each sheet.

Rochet-Schneider

"The World's Finest Touring Car."



24-30 h.-p. ROCHET-SCHNEIDER. (Also in 35-40 h.-p.)

The Rochet-Schneider's claim to superiority rests on one thing only—its actual performance. This we will demonstrate to you at any time, at your convenience.

Write to the Sole Agents for the United Kingdom: IMMEDIATE DELIVERIES.

Donne & Willans, Ltd.,

29a, Gillingham Street, South Belgravia, London, S.W.

Telephone: 5412 Westminster. Telegrams: "Piecemeal, London."

hard over three hundred miles of road. Germany did well, but not so well as many expected. She secured fifth and seventh places, but Jenatzy, her shining light, failed miserably. Bar France, England is the only country whose three cars finished—beaten, certainly, but by no means disgraced—Rolls, on his Wolseley, took eighth place; Earp, less than a minute behind him, was ninth, and Bianchi finished eleventh. The British trio had but little practice on this intensely difficult course, and, all things considered, I congratulate them on a good performance.

FINISHING COMPETITORS AND TIMES

Posn.	Name.	Country.	Time. H.	M.	S.
1.	Théry	France	7	2	42⅖
2.	Nazarri	Italy	7	19	9⅘
3.	Cagno	Italy	7	21	22⅗
4.	Caillois	France	7	27	6⅗
5.	Werner	Germany	8	3	30
6.	Duray	France	8	5	50
7.	De Cat	Germany	8	11	11⅖
8.	Rolls	England	8	26	42⅘
9.	Earp	England	8	27	29⅘
10.	Braun	Austria	8	33	5⅗
11.	Bianchi	England	8	38	39⅖
12.	Lytle	America	9	3	32

No others finished.

The Brasier and F.I.A.T. Engine Dimensions

The Richard-Brasier was engined with a nominal 96 h.-p. motor, with a bore of 160 mm. and a stroke of 140 mm. Fitted with Simms-Bosch magneto ignition, it develops its power at 1,200 revolutions per minute. The clutch is a leather one, but it possesses an arrangement by which slipping can be altogether eliminated. At will, the engine shaft can be locked positively with the gear-box shaft. The F.I.A.T. engine was bigger, having a bore of 180 mm., and a stroke of 150 mm., 110 h.-p. being the nominal power said to be developed.

A Lady Wins the £2 2s.

Judged by the number of guesses sent in, my G.B. competition was quite a success. Nearly three quarters of the coupons had Théry's name, but Caillois, who drove the other Richard-Brasier, was easily second favourite. Cagno, too, who finished third on a F.I.A.T., had a good few supporters. Hardly any were patriotic enough to back an English car. The prize of £2 2s. goes to Miss A. Fletcher, 30, Cambridge Gardens, North Kensington, who, naming the winner, got nearest to his net running time with a guess of 7 hrs. 5 min. 6 sec. With regard to traps, remember

EASY DOES IT

Across Barnes Common.
Near Lancaster Gate Tube Station, on the Bayswater road.
Through Colnbrook village, Bath road.
Between Oxford and Faringdon.
Between Taplow railway arch and Maidenhead Bridge.
Near Buckden (this old friend is again taking money).
At the bottom of Stokenchurch Hill, between High Wycombe and Oxford.
Three miles out from Andover, approaching Whitchurch.
Between Cobham and Ripley.
Between Epsom and Leatherhead.
Between Guildford and Godalming, near where the road crosses the railway.
On the Hereford-Leominster road, two miles from Leominster.
Between Penrith and Plumpton, three and a half miles from Penrith.

Alfred C. Hunter.

Photo by] **Théry, the Imperturbable, the Invincible: The Hero of two Gordon Bennett's** [*M. Branger*

Théry declares that this is his last big race, his principal reason for his retirement being failing eyesight

Marshall & Snelgrove's

—SALE—

IS

PROCEEDING,

AND WILL CONTINUE UNTIL

Saturday, July 29th.

Illustrated Catalogue on Application.

VERE STREET,
OXFORD STREET,
HENRIETTA STREET, } LONDON, W.

OF INTEREST.

So soon as the Sale is over, we purpose inserting larger windows in the whole of the Oxford Street shop-front.

In order that this may be done without inconvenience to our customers, it is more than ever necessary to decrease the stock during the Sale. To this end, whilst everything will be much lowered in price, extra large reductions will be made on Coats and Skirts, Evening Dresses, Costumes, Blouses, Mantles, made-up goods generally, and on bulky articles, such as Carpets, Rugs, Fancy Furniture, etc.

We pay Carriage and Postage, throughout the United Kingdom, on ALL purchases

GANESH FOREHEAD STRAP (Patent), price £1 5s. 6d., cures the deep lines between brows, at the corners of the eyes and on the forehead.

GANESH CHIN STRAP (Patent) is a certain cure for double chins, restores lost contours, and takes away the line running from the mouth to chin, and keeps the mouth closed during sleep. Price £1 1s. 6d.
Stronger Straps, 25s.

Mrs. ADAIR

PATRONISED BY ROYALTY AND RECOMMENDED BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

90, NEW BOND STREET, W., 83, Carlton House, High Street, Birmingham, 5, Rue Cambon, Paris, 52, West 35th Street, New York, where the Ganesh Treatments and preparations may be obtained.

Eastern Muscle Oil, fills out hollows and removes lines, **£1/10/6, 10/6, 5/6.**

Diable Skin Tonic, closes and cleanses the pores, cures puffiness under the eyes, **£1/1/6, 10/6, 7/6.**

Lily Sulphur Lotion (prescription made by a doctor), improves, whitens, and makes the skin soft and smooth, is antiseptic, **5/6 & 10/6.**

Read "How to retain and restore the youthful beauty of face and form," post free.

Consultations Free. LADIES ONLY RECEIVED. LADIES TAUGHT.

SMART!

A clean shave with the best soap adds greatly to one's smart appearance. A Shaving Soap of absolute purity, and with a record of 193 years, is surely a soap of distinction. —

GIBBS' SHAVING SOAP

is the oldest and the best. Your dealer has a free sample for you.

D. & W. GIBBS, Ltd., City Soap Works, London, E.
D & H

BEST SHEFFIELD MAKE.

KROPP

ALWAYS READY FOR USE

ENGLISH MANUFACTURE.

REAL HAMBURG GROUND

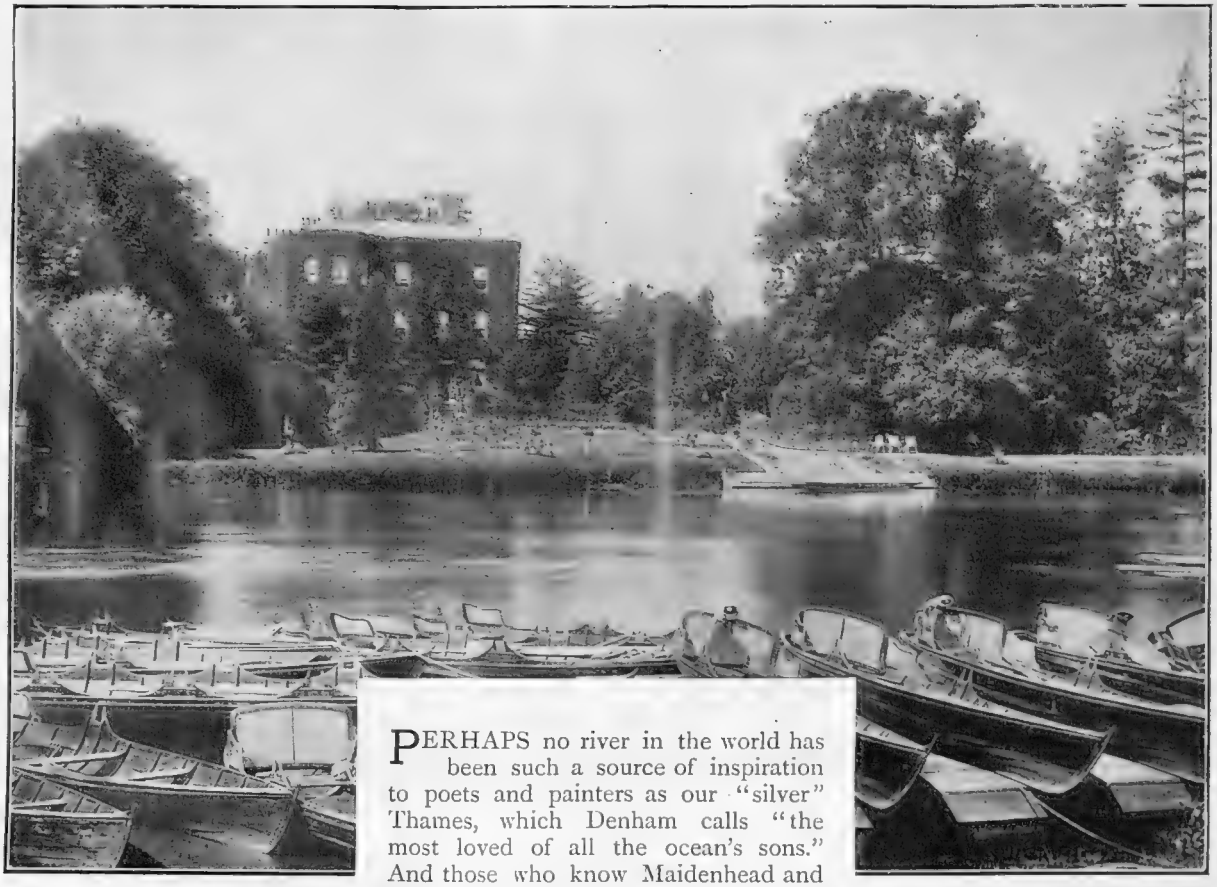
RAZOR

NEVER REQUIRES GRINDING

Black Handle	5/6	Kropp Duplex Strop	7/6
Ivory Handle	7/6	Kropp Strop Paste	6d.
Pair, Ivory Handles, in Russia Leather Case	21/-	Kropp Badger Hair Shaving Brush, 5/6, 7/6, & 10/6	

Wholesale: OSBORNE, GARRETT & CO., LONDON, W.

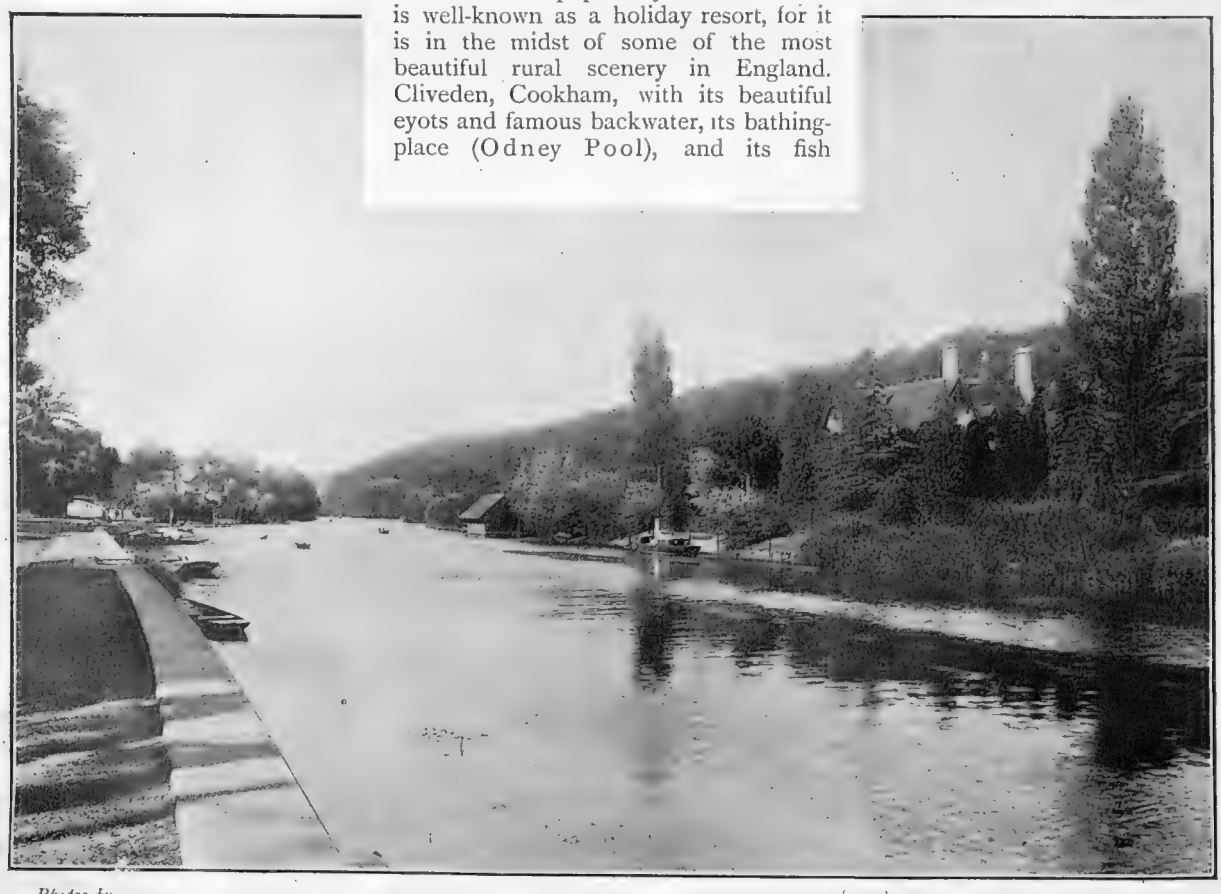
The River Season: The Thames at Maidenhead



(1) A charming riverside house at Maidenhead

PERHAPS no river in the world has been such a source of inspiration to poets and painters as our "silver" Thames, which Denham calls "the most loved of all the ocean's sons." And those who know Maidenhead and the upper reaches of the Thames beyond need seek no further for the reason of this popularity. Maidenhead is well-known as a holiday resort, for it is in the midst of some of the most beautiful rural scenery in England. Cliveden, Cookham, with its beautiful eyots and famous backwater, its bathing-place (Odney Pool), and its fish

(2) Ray Mead, Maidenhead Boulter's Lock in the distance



Photos by *Frith*

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.

The "Allenburys" Foods

A Pamphlet on Infant Feeding and Management (48 pages) Free.

MOTHER AND CHILD. *Baby, 6½ months of age. Fed from birth on the "Allenburys" Foods.*

The "Allenburys" Foods give Strength and Stamina, and supply all that is required for the formation of firm flesh and bone. They promote perfect health, and give freedom from digestive troubles and the disorders common to children fed on farinaceous foods, condensed milk, or even cow's milk.

Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., Plough Court, Lombard Street, London.

AQUASCUTUM LTD.

By Royal Warrant to
HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THE
"Aquascutum"

"Easy-Swing"
Coat

The Most Perfect Coat for Golfing or any Outdoor Sport

Either for Ladies or Gentlemen. Light in weight. Absolutely weatherproof. All wool. Hygienic. Ease and comfort combined with grace and utility.

Price 3 and 3½ gns.

Height and Chest Measurement only required.

'Aquascutum' Coverall
(New Model)

Light and graceful. Most comfortable for walking, travelling, or motoring.

Price 4 guineas.

The 'Aquascutum' Motor Coat

Superior to leather or fur garment, being equally weatherproof, but considerably lighter and even warmer. Odourless.

Price 4 guineas.

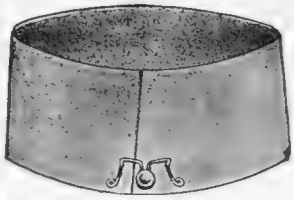
Also with detachable linings.

"Easy Swing Coat"

Workshops on the premises under Expert Supervision.

AQUASCUTUM, Ltd.,
100, REGENT STREET, W.

The "MEYNELL" Patent No. 6730.



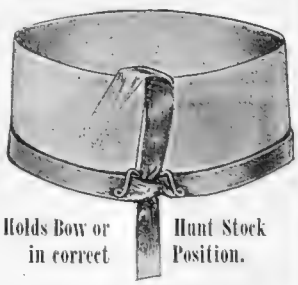
FIXES ON THE COLLAR STUD.

Invisible Hunting Stock and Bow Tie Holder.

PRICE: **3d.**

"The Field."—The centre loop slides under the stud with the ends depending; the latter catch either a Hunting Scarf or Bow Tie, and hold it securely.

"Fashion."—Is a capital thing for keeping Hunting Stocks and Bow Ties in place, being itself absolutely unshiftable as well as invisible. It is used for "Ascots" and "Waterfalls" too, and a feature of it is that it keeps the perhaps worn holes of the collar from slipping off the stud.



Holds Bow or Hunt Stock in correct Position.

Can be obtained from all High-Class Hosiers or direct from—

T. M. Lewin 18, Jermyn St. London, W.

Boulter's Lock and Cliveden Woods

(3) Entering the world-famous Boulter's Lock

abounding reach, Marlow, where Shelley wrote and lived, Burnham Beeches, "rearing their wild fantastic arms, knotted and gnarled from huge moss-grown holes," are all within a five-mile radius. In itself, the town of Maidenhead offers every attraction alike to the resident as to the visitor. It contains attractive shops, fine wide thoroughfares, and public parks, while the Corporation, with their judicious progressive policy of the past few years, have beautified the town in many ways, besides looking well after its sanitation.

(4) Cliveden Reach and Woods

Photos by *Wm. Plumbe*

Telephone No. 13.

STUCHBERY'S STORES

(P. & S. THOMPSON, Ltd.),

63, 65, 67, HIGH STREET, MAIDENHEAD,

And at Cookham.

A1 QUALITY, CIVILITY, AND ATTENTION.

DEPARTMENTS.

General Groceries.
Teas.
Coffees.
Mineral Waters.
Bottled Ales.
Patent Medicines.
W. & A. Gilbey's Wines and Spirits.
Provisions.
Fresh Pork and Sausages.
Berkshire Bacon.
Furnishing Ironmongery.
Hardware.
Brooms and Brushes.
Burning Oils.
General Repairs.
Electro Plate.
China and Glass.
Bedsteads and Bedding.
Wicker Goods and Turnery.
Travelling Requisites.
Horticultural Goods.
Sporting Requisites.

London Store Prices for Cash with Order, or a Weekly Account.

Free collection and delivery of orders daily by our own vans to all parts.

The Hotel de Luxe of the Upper Thames.

"SKINDLE'S"

Maidenhead Bridge

(Book to Taplow Station.)

Special Accommodation for Families.

A large new Dining-room overlooking the river has been added.

Electric and Steam Launches, Punts, Skiffs, etc., for hire.

MOTOR GARAGE.—The Garage is capable of holding fifty cars.

GOLF.—Two Courses within easy distance.

GOOD STABLING for upwards of fifty horses.

Telephone: No. 4 Maidenhead.

Telegraphic Address: "SKINDLES, MAIDENHEAD."

FULLER, STORY & CO., LTD.

Wine and Spirit Merchants,

BREWERS

MAIDENHEAD.

Opposite G.W.R. Station.

Telephone 0138.
Telegrams: "QUAICH, MAIDENHEAD."

NYREN PLUMBE,

Photographic Artist & Dealer,

76a, HIGH STREET, MAIDENHEAD.

Amateurs supplied with all Photo Requisites.
Plates and Films Developed, Enlarged and Printed.

NYREN PLUMBE supplied the original Photos used in the production of the Maidenhead Town Guide, and has a large variety of Views of Maidenhead, River, and District always in stock.

Note the only Address

76a, HIGH ST., MAIDENHEAD.

THE BEAR HOTEL

HIGH STREET,

Maidenhead.

A High-Class Old-Established Family Hotel.

Very centrally situated, and near to the River.

Under the Personal Supervision of the Proprietor.

MOTOR GARAGE—GOOD STABLING.

Telegrams: "Bear, Maidenhead."

S. BENNETT, Proprietor.

A Woman's Note Book

HOW SHOPPING AFFECTS WOMAN — AND MAN

London in July heat, and London in July sales, has always a more or less disorganised appearance; but the *most* disorganised being in the midst of this chaos is the woman who shops. When she is driving a bargain, or "picking up" a bargain, it seems almost as though she ceased to be a woman; she loses, for the moment, all those gentler characteristics which we associate with womanhood; it is scarcely too strong to say that she loses her humanity, and becomes a fierce little animal, swooping down graspingly and relentlessly upon her prey. There she is, eager, quick, alert, unflinching, pushing always to the front, elbowing her way among the crowd, disregarding or crushing her sisters in the fray. The most self-effacing woman becomes overbearing; the meekest, determined; the most unselfish, grasping. And why? Because it is a bargain, and women love bargains. There is no reason in it, no method, no excuse; and, so far as I can tell, there is no possible explanation. A woman will slave herself night and day for those for whom she feels affection; but by no means will yield up to them that piece of muslin at twopence three farthings, though it may be soiled and she has really no use for it.

And yet women are neither grasping, selfish, nor overbearing in ordinary intercourse; excepting for a little jealousy and small spitefulnesses, though they do not *speak* well of one another, they, undoubtedly, *treat* one another well. And, indeed, I think that is our way all through.

Men not infrequently refuse to go shopping with women, for they neither understand such methods, nor like them. Then, men cannot shop; they do not know how. In every way they do the exact opposite to women in the same circumstances; the happy medium is never attained. Men take what is given them, regardless if it is really what they want; pay what is asked for it, without the least consideration as to its actual worth; and as to counting their change, they would think *that* unmanly in the extreme. A man will hardly ever go into a shop and come out empty handed; it is of no consequence that the exact thing he required is not to be found there, he will buy some substitute, though it may not answer his purpose at all; because, for some strange reason, he suffers from the delusion that shops are instituted only for the *seller's* profit and entertainment, and in no way for the buyer's convenience; and he feels that if he has not in some way contributed to that profit, he has, in a manner, disgraced himself. It may be that the bargaining habits of his sisters have driven him to this extreme; but, at any rate, he is not to be trusted with the household purse. Women are the best shoppers, from a practical point of view; but it is well to let them manage these affairs without a critical audience of friends or relatives; for certainly, while so occupied, they do not show their most amiable or generous qualities.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: Breakfast Dishes *(continued)*

Kidneys Sautés
Finnan Haddock Balls
Ham and Chicken Patties
Kedgeree
Curried Poached Eggs on Anchovy Toast

KIDNEYS SAUTÉS

Choose two large kidneys, skin, and cut them the round way into thin slices. Have ready a tablespoonful of flour, well seasoned with pepper and salt, dip each piece of kidney in it. Cut some neat thin squares of streaky bacon, fry them very slowly in a little butter. When done, put them in the dish for serving, and keep hot whilst you sauté the kidneys, which put into the fat the bacon was cooked in. Take care the kidneys cook gently; if done fast they will be hard and indigestible. In about a minute the gravy will begin to rise on the upper side, then turn the kidneys and let them finish cooking slowly—they will be done in four or five minutes. Put them on the dish with the bacon and pour over them a spoonful or two of beef gravy, or water thickened with a little flour, boiled and mixed with the fat and gravy from the kidneys in the frying-pan. Serve in a hot-water dish.

FINNAN HADDOCK BALLS

Pound the fish well, and mix it with butter, pepper, and a little milk or cream; then make into very small rissoles with a few breadcrumbs, dip into beaten egg and breadcrumbs, and fry a golden brown. Slices of brown bread and butter should be served with this dish.

HAM AND CHICKEN PATTIES

Line as many small patty-pans as you require with puff-paste, lay a crust of bread in each, put on the lid, brush over with well-beaten egg, and bake them in a quick oven until delicately browned. While they are baking, take some ham and chicken, previously finely minced, and freed from sinew and skin. Of this, two-thirds should be chicken and one-third ham. Flavour nicely with grated lemon rind, salt, and cayenne. Put the meat into a saucepan with sufficient gravy to moisten it, squeeze over it a few drops of lemon juice, and when the patties are baked enough, cut out the top, remove the bread, put in a little of the mince, place the lid over it, and served piled on a hot napkin, and garnished according to taste.

KEDGEREE

Take ½ lb. of cold cooked fish and shred finely, and one teacupful of Patna rice, boil it, and let it dry thoroughly. Place the fish and rice in a stewpan, in which 1 oz. of butter has been melted, flavour with salt and a little white pepper, a dessertspoonful of anchovy sauce, a little milk or cream, and the whites of two hard-boiled eggs, chopped small. Stir over the fire until quite hot, then pile high on a dish. Pass the two yolks of the eggs through a wire sieve over the kedgeree, and garnish with cut slices of lemon.

CURRIED POACHED EGGS ON ANCHOVY TOAST

Spread some squares of toast with a paste made of anchovy paste and butter worked together, place a poached egg on each, and serve with a thick curry sauce poured round.

EMILIA.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

Stocktaking Sale

Three Days Only,

MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY,

July 17, 18, and 19.

JAS. SHOOLBRED & CO.

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.

PETER ROBINSON'S

OXFORD ST.

TWO ATTRACTIVE BARGAINS

AT THE

SUMMER SALE

PROCEEDING DAILY.

"WINDSOR." *Most Marvellous Value.*

Charming Costume, made in the very fashionable Chiffon Taffeta Silk, lined throughout Silk, and trimmed soft Lace, and gauging, exact as sketch. In Black and all shades. Usual price, 8½ Gns.

Sale Price, **5 Gns.**

CARRIAGE PAID

to any part of the United Kingdom or the Channel Islands.

FULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE GRATIS.

"JOCONDE."

Elegant Coat, in Faced Cloth, suitable for day or evening wear, in all light shades, with Laces dyed to match. Also in Cream and Black.

Sale Price, **63/-**

Lined Rich Merv., **84/-**

The Editor's Box

Illustrated Interviews

People who want to be thought "smart" do not now joke and laugh at the Salvation Army. By dint of its genuineness, the Army has risen superior to all the ridicule that was heaped upon it fifteen or more years back, and now that it has just completed its fortieth year of existence, it can fairly claim to be the greatest organisation of its kind. The Army's annual report, which is this year issued under the title of "Illustrated Interviews," is as interesting as its predecessors, whi h is saying a good deal. Anyone who wants to get a fuller idea of how widespread the Army's organisations are, should write to 101, Queen Victoria Street, for a copy.

The Conversazione of the Royal Geographical Society

On Tuesday, June 27, the eighty odd feet of the extinct *Diplodocus Carnegii* might almost have been expected to raise a slight blush, for the minute attention and withering criticisms he endured from nine o'clock until midnight must have almost been perceptible to any creature that had been dead for fewer ages. The smallness of his head and his wonderful tail, that tapers to bones no thicker than a pencil, were the most noticeable features to the unexpert among the crowd of distinguished members and guests of the Royal Geographical Society, whose conversazione was held in such instructive surroundings. The reception by Sir George Taubman Goldie was held in the great hall of the Museum, where the string band of the Coldstream Guards played soft and dreamy music. Those who are familiar with the majestic proportions of the central hall, can understand what a suitable setting it forms for this great social gathering, but there was much unforeseen humour in the large, clearly painted boards that hung over the recesses along each side of the hall. Who would have imagined that a group of particularly well-dressed and attractive girls would have seated themselves beneath the brief description, "Reptiles," or that some very elderly professors should have gathered with their ladies beneath the words, "newly acquired specimens"?

Maidenhead for a Holiday

The most endurable place near London during the summer is the River, and of all the various spots on its banks, Maidenhead is the Mecca of all good river men. Some of its charms can be realised from the pictures of the district published in this week's number, but even such beauty spots as are there depicted, lose some of their charm if there is a difficulty in obtaining some of the little luxuries of life. Stuchbery's Stores, however, meet every requirement in this direction, for one can purchase there anything, from sporting requisites to groceries. Such an establishment as Stuchbery's helps to make Maidenhead *the* ideal district for a delightful holiday.

The New Kodak Tank Developer

Experience has demonstrated that the results obtained by the machine development of roll films are in every way superior to those produced in the old way. Machine development now receives a fresh and substantial impetus by the introduction of the New Kodak Tank Developer, which takes the form of a wooden box provided with simple mechanism for winding the exposed film within a long, red, celluloid strip, called the apron. When once the film is enclosed within the apron and transferred to the tank containing the developer, nothing is necessary beyond the occasional reversal of the film in the tank. There is no longer any necessity for turning a handle during development, as in the machine method. The film requires so little attention, that the photographer can now have several films developing at once in as many tanks, thereby effecting a material saving of time. Development proceeds slowly and surely for about twenty minutes in the ordinary way, although this time may be reduced to ten minutes by the use of a stronger developing solution. The new Tank Developer is at present supplied in three sizes, the Brownie Tank for No. 1 and No. 2 Brownie spools, the three and a half inch Tank for all spools up to that size, and the five-inch Tank for spools not exceeding five inches, the prices being 10*s.*, 20*s.*, and 25*s.* respectively. The Kodak Company will gladly send a pamphlet containing a full description of the Tank Developer to anybody who will write for it to 57-61, Clerkenwell Road.

Exhibition at the Japan Society

His Majesty the King, accompanied by His Imperial Highness Prince Arisugawa, visited this Society recently. He was received by the President, His Excellency the Japanese Minister, the Chairman of Council, Mr. Charles Holme, and the Members of the Executive Committee, including Mr. Wilson Crewdson, Professor Church, Mr. M. B. Huish, Mr. Paul Bevan, Mr. Harding Smith, and Mr. A. Dobree. A considerable time was spent in examining the exhibits, which not only included the work of the old armourers, but also the modern equipment of the Japanese soldier. The Exhibition has been opened to the public.

Bearing-Reins

Though we have not much sympathy with those humanitarians who go to extremes, yet the Anti-Bearing-Rein Association has our fullest sympathy. Why such a cruel and foolish practice as using tight bearing-reins should be considered fashionable is more than we can understand, for the uncomfortable and unnatural position of tightly reined horses is the reverse of graceful. Major-General Baden-Powell says: "To consider it necessary to use the bearing-rein is a fault which gives away so many an owner as having either very second-rate horses or a third-rate coachman, and in either case as being ignorant of horsemanship himself." A great advance has been made during the last year in persuading Borough Councils to give up the bearing-rein, that curse of the hardworking and willing cart-horse, and a good work is being done by means of boards asking drivers to slacken bearing-reins going up hill. All interested in this work should write to the Hon. Secretary of the Anti-Bearing-Rein Association, Ernest Bell, Esq., York House, Portugal Street, W.C., for particulars.

CHAFED or RUBBED SKIN

Thousands of active people of both sexes suffer greatly, especially in hot weather, from chafing where the limbs rub together—due to heat or perspiration.

MENNEN'S Toilet Powder

(MENNEN'S FACE ON EVERY BOX)

CURES IT AT ONCE.

Infants should always be dusted with Mennen after bath; it entirely prevents all roughness, redness, itch, and sore spots, and proves delightfully cooling.

A BOX SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOME.

Free Sample on application.

Of all Chemists, 1/- per box.

LAMONT CORLISS & Co., London, E.C.

Two Important Points in "LUNTIN" MIXTURE

Quality is Perfect. !

Price is Moderate. !

Buy it and Try it.

This rich Tobacco is sold in two strengths—Mild and Medium. 2 oz. pkts., Is.; and ¼lb. tins, 2s., at all high-class Tobacconists. Sample 2 oz. pkt., Is. Id.; or ¼lb. tin, 2s. 2d., sent post free, from the Sole Manufacturers—

THOMSON & PORTEOUS, Edinburgh.